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ART. I. *An Enquiry into the Doctrines of Necessity and Predestination. In four Discourses, preached before the University of Oxford. With Notes, and an Appendix on the seventeenth Article of the Church of England. By Edward Copleston, D. D. Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and Prebendary of Rochester.* 8vo. 220 pp. Murray. 1821.

As long as man continues what he is, religion, as well as every other topic of deep and common interest, will furnish materials for controversial discussion; and much as the spirit in which such discussions are often pursued, is to be lamented, no wise man will deny that they are necessary, or undervalue the good which results from their continuance to the interests of truth. Even the Calvinistic controversy, dark, presumptuous, and unprofitable as the questions about which it is chiefly conversant have been rightly termed, has been, in some respects, eminently useful to the Church: for it has called forth the powers of highly gifted minds; it has induced a severe and painful examination of Scripture, and a careful investigation of the language and doctrines of the primitive Church; which, though they have hitherto failed in their immediate object, the settlement of the controverted questions, have been productive of other benefits, more, perhaps, than sufficient to counterbalance the evil of continued disagreement on this fertile topic. For many obvious reasons, the doctrines which the great Genevan Reformer adopted, and bequeathed as an inheritance of constant strife to the Protestant Church, may be expected to furnish materials for the developement of the controversial propensity, too tempting to be resisted. The mysterious obscurity which hangs over the main subjects of dispute, and the peculiar facilities which they present for darkening counsel by ambiguous language, by endless ramifications of discussion, and

all the little artifices of controversy, leave us without a hope of seeing any unity of opinion established concerning them. There is, moreover, something seductive in the doctrine itself, which weak minds cannot resist, and the strongest often yield to. Not only is "the godly consideratian of Predestination, and our Election in Christ, full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons," but to the presumptuous enthusiast, the daring speculations on Calvinistic Predestination and Election in which he indulges, leading as they do to the rapturous feelings of self-assurance and exaltation, are as alluring as the temporary delirium of opium to the morbid temperament of the Oriental debauchee. Still, however, amidst all the errors which this unhappy controversy has engendered, the divisions which it has occasioned, and the enmities it has excited, great and permanent good has, under Providence, been effected. It has called forth mighty champions for the defence of the truth; it has fostered a wakeful and vigilant spirit in the Church; and many of the most valuable treatises which have been written in defence of the doctrines of our own Establishment, and in illustration of the Scriptures on which her faith is founded, have originated in the necessity of resisting the inroads of Calvinism, and counteracting its injurious misrepresentations.

For instances in support of this position, happily we have not far to look. Our own times, in which the Calvinistic controversy has been renewed with a spirit and perseverance not surpassed by the efforts of any of its former advocates, has abounded in them; and the doctrines themselves, principally agitated with a view of determining how far they are upheld or impugned by the thirty-nine Articles of our Church, have been stripped of much of the obscurity in which the misapplied learning and subtle argumentation of former disputants had arrayed them, and brought before the public in a more intelligible shape than they have hitherto borne. We have very lately expressed our opinion of Mr. Young's admirable work; in which, by a careful examination, and exposition of St. Paul's language in his Epistle to the Romans, he has fairly beaten the Calvinist out of the strong holds of Scripture, and deprived him for ever of any plausible claim to the support of Apostolic authority. Our attention is now called to another formidable antagonist of the Genevan system, who, issuing from the sister University, has challenged the foe to meet him on that ground, on which he considered himself to be securely intrenched in the subtleties of metaphysical reasoning; and,

by a course of argument as clear as it is conclusive, has exposed the weakness as well as the deformity of those erroneous doctrines, which have hitherto terrified some assailants, and confounded others, by the gloom and mystery in which they were enveloped.

> " Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
> Mortales hebetat visus——et humida circum
> Caligat, nubem eripuit."

How far those who have hitherto pleased themselves with wandering in the endless mazes of the Calvinistic labyrinth, may be inclined to thank the learned author for the clue with which he has provided them; or to escape by its assistance to the upper air and lights of mental freedom, we shall not venture to determine. Some, we doubt not, will be found so enraptured by their own delusions, as to be ready to exclaim,

> " Me ludit amabilis
> Insania——et videor pios
> Errare per lucos;"

And to such unhappy persons his assistance will be offered in vain. But to all who, seeking the truth for its own sake, and with a sincere desire of finding it, and of adhering to it when found; are prepared to sacrifice their prejudices at its altar, and to humble their imaginations under its influence; to all who are weary of vain speculations and fruitless logomachy, and are inclined to listen to the sober language of a dispassionate reasoner, and to apply their minds to follow him through an argument, severe, and, perhaps at the outset, to some readers uninviting, from the very nature of the subject, but clear, powerful, and conclusive; to them the volume before us will be an acquisition of the highest value. It will rescue them from all the torturing doubts and perplexities, the horror and anxiety which too generally render the doctrine of Predestination a snare to the weak, and a stumbling-block to the pious; it will teach them to contemplate those awful attributes of the Divinity, his infinite wisdom, and his Almighty power, without the hazard of falling into the equally dangerous extremes of presumption or despair: and it will enable them to draw from the knowledge of their own natural weakness and unworthiness, those lessons of practical improvement which it was intended to supply; to learn to be vigilant because they are weak, to be humble because they are unworthy, and to " work out their own salvation with fear and trembling;" remembering that

"God worketh in them to will and to do of his good pleasure."

In his preface, Dr. Copleston has stated the object and contents of his volume so clearly, that we shall borrow largely from it. In his first discourse, he shews, that where the doctrine of Necessity is firmly believed, and made use of as a practical principle, *motives cease to operate;* whence it follows, that, supposing the doctrine to be true, in proportion as our faculties are enlarged, our understandings enlightened, and our apprehensions quickened, our motives to employ them will gradually lose their influence; and a continual progress in knowledge must at length terminate in absolute inactivity: in other words, "that *activity* which throughout nature is observed to accompany *intelligence*, will be destroyed by the rational faculties being enlarged." This argument, which was suggested to the learned Provost, by a small Treatise on the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity, published by the late Mr. Dawson of Jedburgh, about twenty years ago, he applies to human nature as it actually is; and he justly remarks, that "the conclusion thus deduced is sufficiently absurd to overthrow the hypothesis." Having developed this principle in the earlier part of his Discourse with great skill and judgment, he proceeds to examine the moral consequences of the hypothesis in question; and to shew, that "the notion of a *moral* agent gifted with mental powers, the *improvement* of which naturally tends to the weakening or the extinction of moral principle, is an absurdity similar to the former, and equally conclusive against the truth of the supposition from which it flows."

The text of this Discourse is taken from Acts xv. 18. *Known unto God are all his works, from the beginning of the world.* The Provost introduces his subject by remarking, that next to the idea of power in the Supreme Being, that of his perfect knowledge is the first that arises in the mind of man; knowledge, not only of all that is doing in the world, or has been done, but also of all that is to happen. Hence, one of the earliest religious practices of rude nations is to consult the Deity about that which is to come: plainly implying, that foresight, which is the strongest evidence of superiority among men, must belong to God in a far more eminent degree. He then observes, that as we never conceive the limited degree of foreknowledge which man is able to arrive at, has any influence over the events which it is able, with a tolerable degree of certainty, to predict; we have no reason to suppose, that the *perfect* foreknowledge of God has any such

influence. If we attribute this influence to the foreknowledge of God, because it is perfect, why do we not also imagine that the foreknowledge of man will operate in the same way, in proportion as it approaches to certainty. In many cases, man is deceived in his anticipations, and then his presumed foreknowledge evidently has no such power; in some cases he is right; but no one imagines that in these he is right, because his foreknowledge produced, or affected in any way the production of the event which it enabled him to foretel. The objection to this reasoning is very fairly stated. Man's knowledge does not affect the event over which he has no power; but God, who is all powerful, who made all things as they are, and who *knows* all that will come to pass, must be regarded as rendering that *necessary* which he foreknows,—just as man may be considered accessary to the event which he anticipates, exactly in proportion to the share he may have had in preparing the instruments, or forming the minds of those who are to bring it about. But the advocate for Necessity does not perceive, that he has wholly failed in establishing the connection between *knowledge* and the *event* by this argument: since man does not influence an event by *knowing* that it will happen, but by *contributing towards* its occurrence. It may indeed be argued, that because God made every thing, therefore all things that happen are done by him: but this is placing the doctrine of Necessity upon new ground, and by no means affects the position, that our notion of the foreknowledge of God ought not to interfere, in the slightest degree, with our belief in the *contingency* of events, and the *freedom* of human actions.

Having thus removed one difficulty, Dr. Copleston proceeds to examine that graver question, which, in fact, involves the whole doctrine of philosophical Necessity, or Predestination, confined to this life: namely, "Whether because God made the world, and all things in it, therefore, every thing that happens, human conduct as well as the rest, must be regarded as proceeding from him, and determined beforehand by his direction in all its detail." (P. 7.) The Necessarian argues, that thus it must be; that whatever has been, is, or will be, could not be otherwise; that we are only parts of a machine moved by superior and irresistible power; and that "all would take its course just the same, whether for good or ill, were we to give ourselves no concern whatever in the matter."

It is not with a view of restraining his enquiry to this unprofitable question, that the learned author enters upon its investigation; but because it has a close connection with the

melancholy corruptions of our holy Faith, which the creed of the Calvinist has fostered. The ground on which the doctrine of Necessity rests, is the same with that on which he builds; and as far as he appeals to human reason in support of his doctrine, whatever tends to the refutation of Fatalism, tends also to the overthrow of his opinions.

"And," Dr. Copleston adds, "if the view which I propose to take of the question as it relates to this life be correct, it will also serve to explain by *analogy* many of those difficulties which occur to the reader of holy Scripture; and will account for those frequent declarations concerning God's purposes and decrees respecting a future life, without admitting the bold and dangerous construction which the Calvinist fastens upon them, and which, if unhappily he lived up to his opinions, would go far to defeat the gracious end and design of the Gospel altogether." P. 9.

Having thus endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the main scope of this interesting enquiry, and stated generally the more immediate object of the first discourse, we should gladly follow the author through the details of that argument by which he shews that the opinion of the Fatalist is irreconcileable with other positions which we can prove to be undeniably true. But to do the author justice, he should be allowed to state his own case: we despair of being able to convey any adequate notion of the cogency of his argument by an abridgment of it; for in truth Dr. Copleston is not one of those who multiply words without increasing knowledge; his reasoning does not admit of condensation: nor can the terms he uses be often altered without disfiguring his meaning, and conveying a vague and indistinct, if not an erroneous view of that subject, which his skill has in great measure disencumbered of its difficulties, and relieved from its obscurities. We must content ourselves therefore with selecting such passages, as may be separated from the context with the least injury to the author's meaning, and the best chance of giving to our readers a fair specimen of the real merit of the discourse.

Having shewn the injurious influence which the opinions of the fatalist, if adopted as principles of conduct, must produce upon him when considered as a being formed for activity, and as a moral agent; Dr. Copleston thus clearly points out the close connection subsisting between the whole question of Fatalism and that of Predestination—and how justly we may reason by analogy from one to the other.

"The generality of Calvinists, when charged with the *consequences* of their opinions, like the Fatalists, answer that we ought

to *address* mankind as if their doom were unsettled—as if God were willing that all should be saved—and as if much depended on themselves whether they should obtain salvation or not. And when further pressed with the *inconsistency* of these opinions they reply, that such exhortations are the *appointed means of perseverance*. Be it so. Then they are means the efficacy of which is increased by turning our eyes away from the truth. For in proportion to the conviction we feel of the truth of the main doctrine, that is, the better we become acquainted, according to them, with the right interpretation of Scripture, and the more we meditate upon it, the weaker do these means become which are the appointed instruments of our salvation. This argument then is not a refutation, like many others, drawn from opinions opposite to theirs: it is involved in their own defence: it is admitted by themselves in the very acknowledgment they make, that we ought in practice to accommodate ourselves to the ordinary belief of mankind upon these subjects, however erroneous; or, in other words, that advancement in the knowledge of truth may obstruct men's salvation.

"In comparing the probable effects of Fatalism and of Calvinism upon the conduct of men, an important distinction ought always to be made, which is however very generally overlooked. The doctrines rest indeed on the same basis, but that of Calvinism is practically far more dangerous.

"The Fatalist acts in general as other men do. He is not likely to neglect urgent duties, or to endure pain and privation for the sake of an abstract theory. His habits, his interests, his affections, his regard for character and for the opinion of the world, all keep him from being led astray by a speculative absurdity. But whatever security the Calvinist has of this kind is *weakened* by the very nature of his opinions. According to them he suffers *comparatively* nothing by yielding practically to their force: and their force is exerted in *lessening* the motives of a worldly nature which control the other. The instincts, the appetites, and the interests of the Calvinist, may indeed rouse him to action, although in this respect their influence must be weaker than it is with the mere Fatalist; while the worldly restraints upon vicious indulgence are almost entirely removed. For since the effect of those principles which he holds is to take place *hereafter*, while the benefit of obeying natural impulse is *immediate*—since the effect of the former is to be *eternal*, while the inconvenience that may attend the latter is *temporary*—any momentary delusion which prompts him to expect pleasure by doing wrong is not only not counteracted, but is encouraged by this persuasion. The quantity of evil which may alloy his pleasure here (and which often comes in aid of virtue by presenting a drawback from the enjoyment) when viewed as a deduction from the sum of happiness which through all eternity will still remain the same, becomes absolutely evanescent.

"The chief characteristic in fact of Fatalism, taken apart from

Revelation, is its tendency to breed a disregard of *religious* duties, while Calvinism has the same tendency with respect to *moral* duties. The man who looks only to this life, and who believes all events to be already fixed and unalterable, has little inducement to betake himself to prayer, or to the worship of the Deity—while he who looks chiefly to another life, and believes his destiny in that life to be fixed and unalterable, may naturally be careless and indifferent about his conduct here.

"Thus it is observed of Tiberius, 'Circa Deos et religiones negligentior erat, *quippe* addictus mathematicæ, persuasionisque plenus, omnia fato agi.'

"The remark is made by a philosophical writer, and addressed to a philosophical age, as an obvious explanation of the irreligious habits of the emperor. *His* religion had little or no relation to a future state. There might be some mixture of this notion with it, as there might be some want of uniform steadiness in his belief of fatality: and therefore his biographer says, not that he absolutely renounced religion, but that he was careless, *negligentior*, about it. As far however as his fatalism operated, it had that effect. And this is all I would urge in the case of the Calvinist. *His* fatality has little or no relation to the present state. It has perhaps as much, as the religion of the emperor had to a future state. As the views of Tiberius then were directed to this life, and because the gods could not affect his interests *here*, he thought little of them—so the Calvinist, whose views are directed to another life, will think little of his moral conduct, because it can have no effect upon his interests *there*. And thus, supposing in each case the absence of counteracting causes, and speaking of the respective opinions only so far as they really operate, it is as natural a conclusion that the Calvinist will be careless about *morals*, as that the Fatalist will be careless about *religion* *." P. 26.

The causes which seem most powerful in producing and maintaining the ascendancy of these unreasonable and extravagant opinions over the human mind, are the pride of intellect, (that fruitful source of all our most dangerous errors,) and the inaccurate use of language. Those only who have attentively considered the subject, and have accustomed themselves carefully to examine all the terms most commonly employed in abstract reasoning, and to trace the errors which flow from the neglect of definition, can form any idea of the

* "The Landgrave of Turing, a patron of the Reformed doctrines, being admonished by his friends of his vicious life and dangerous condition, answered, *Si prædestinatus sum, nulla peccata poterunt mihi regnum cœlorum auferre; si præscitus, nulla opera mihi illud valebunt conferre.* 'An objection,' says Heylin, 'not more old than common; but such I must confess to which I never found a satisfactory answer from the pen of *Supralapsarian*, or *Sublapsarian*, within the small compass of my reading.' *Quinquarticular History*, Part I. chap. 4."

extent of the latter evil. Half the controversies which have agitated the Church from the earliest ages of Christianity to the present hour, would have been strangled in their birth, if those who first raised the questions which have occasioned them, could have agreed upon the use of some terms which might convey precisely the same meaning to both parties: and the worst heresies which have corrupted the faith have been grounded upon a perverse misinterpretation of the words of Scripture, and perpetuated by the subtleties of logomachy.

"While," says Dr. Copleston, "we confine our attention to the ordinary occurrences of life, or to those relations of things with which we are all familiar, no such precision or refinement" (in language) "is required. The commonest tools need not be made with mathematical exactness. But when we push our enquiries beyond this daily sphere of vision, greater and greater accuracy is requisite in the instruments we employ. The slightest impurities in the atmosphere, a floating atom, or the vibration from a footstep, will interfere with the observations of physical science—and throw us perhaps at once out of our true course

"Ten thousand leagues awry
Into the devious air.

"And when we take upon us to explore the hidden things of God, those vast regions which lie at an immeasurable distance from our ordinary range of thought, can it be surprising if the instruments which serve us well enough here, be found coarse and defective, and that when most pefect they should stand in need of the nicest care in adjusting them, before we can place any confidence in the result? Language is the chief, if not the only medium of all these speculations: and when the conclusions obtained by help of this medium militate against the strongest moral convictions, and the first principles of our nature, is it not reasonable to suspect some inaccuracy in the process, some imperfection in the instruments, or some defect in those organs which are exercised upon objects far beyond the system for which they are principally designed? If indignation be ever justified upon occasions of this kind, it surely is allowable when we hear the name of philosophy applied to errors such as these; when men presume to scan the ways of Omnipotence, and fancy they are fathoming the depths of the mighty ocean, with a line that has not yet measured the soundings of the harbour from whence they set out.

"But when these rash enterprises are taken in hand, and the confidence or the apparent skill and intrepidity of the leader draw many followers after him, it becomes a Christian duty to point out the dangers of the way, the diligent preparation it requires, or the mistaken views in which the plan originates. Metaphysical discussion then becomes valuable, like every other talent, according to

the use made of it. And that use surely is not inconsiderable, if, though it may not add to the stock of knowledge, it yet serves to keep us in possession of what is already known—if, to use the language of an eloquent writer as well as a most accurate and judicious reasoner, 'it repairs the damage itself had occasioned—like the spear of Achilles, healing the wounds it had made before—if it casts no additional light on the paths of life, but disperses the clouds with which it had overspread them—if it advances not the traveller one step on his journey, but conducts him back again to the spot from whence he had wandered *.'" P. 42.

In the second discourse, on Deuteronomy viii. 5. "the difficulties arising out of the belief in a superintending Providence, as compatible with the free will of man are considered." Religious men have always believed themselves to be under the controul of a superintending Providence. They have acknowledged that the important occurrences of life, the good of which men are continually partaking, result not from *their* wisdom or *their* power. And though they carefully plan, and diligently labour to carry their designs into execution, yet when they look forward to the event, they scruple not to own that it is at God's disposal; and when they reflect upon their success, they humbly attribute it to his blessing. They resolve the whole into the will of God, and confess "that all things have conspired to the furtherance of some great plan of his, which has either served to promote the happiness of men, or to illustrate his own transcendant excellence." But, as the author remarks, the belief of this controlling power is not contradictory to the belief of the freedom of human actions: for it does not follow that the exercise of such a power necessarily excludes all other influence. We may easily conceive that such a power has formed the plan and the outline, and left the detail of the work to minor agents: or we may imagine such a power to be further exerted in animating these agents in their labours at one time; or, at another, in frustrating their endeavours to check their presumption, and make them feel their dependence; or occasionally keeping itself wholly out of sight, in order to exercise their zeal and fidelity.

In these, and other ways, which the author has pointed out, we may suppose this superior power to exercise a general controul, without depriving the inferior agent of that freedom of will and action, without which he would cease to be responsible, or to feel a motive to exertion. Well does Dr. Copleston ask,

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* "Light of Nature, Introd. lv."

"Does any part of such a scheme either detract from the notion of a supreme intelligence planning, governing, guiding, and accomplishing the whole? or can such a conception in the mind of man, of the scheme of divine Providence tend to relax his energy, to discourage his industry, to impair the distinctions of right and wrong, or weaken the principle of duty and obedience?" P. 53.

But here we are met by the question concerning the origin of evil; and an argument is produced from the difficulty of accounting for evil as mixed with God's creation, and of conceiving free-will in his creatures. It may be allowed that it is difficult to understand *why* evil exists; but its existence is a fact which no man denies. Nor do any but a few metaphysical reasoners attempt to call in question the existence of free-will; while all the rest of the world, nay they also themselves, act, and speak, and think, as if the will were free. Surely then we shall not surrender our consciousness, or give up our motives to action, or banish all sense of right and wrong from our minds, because these disputes cannot reconcile the *co-existence* of two things, while the existence of each is a fact palpable to the sense, and confirmed by the experience of all the rest of mankind.

Nothing indeed can be more absurd or presumptuous than to speak of things as *impossible* with God, because they appear irreconcileable to ourselves.

"If," says Dr. Copleston, "we consider how small a part of God's works, both in extent and in duration, our faculties can embrace, and further, how intimately and variously connected all the parts of those works are, plainly indicating one scheme, of which the remotest parts have numerous and complicated relations with each other, so that much of what we see is essential to what we do not see, and to suppose one without the other would be a contradiction in terms as literal, though not so palpable, as a circle with unequal radii—when, I say, all our enquiries into nature only tend to impress upon our minds this wonderful concatenation—and when, again, a scheme perfectly analogous to this has been traced in the *moral* world, insomuch that in the history of mankind there is no one event, however trivial, but may have intimate and essential connections with all other events, however grand and important; and these connections may run out into all possible combinations, and multiply to all infinity—when, I say, we reflect on all this, he must indeed be a rash and vain reasoner, who does not admit the *probability* that all his own perplexities arise from imperfect acquaintance with the objects of his speculation—and that where facts militate against his reasonings, some impossible condition was involved in his own expectations—something destructive

of the very essence of that thing which was the main object of his thoughts." P. 55.

Well therefore does he caution us against admitting the infinite power of God to be irreconcileable with any thing that either is, or is acknowledged to be. In all such cases he teaches us to conclude that, "unless an actual contradiction can be pointed out in the terms of the proposition, no difficulties can justify a denial of its possibility." And he well observes that, many things which we are unable to account for, are necessary conditions to other things, the existence of which we assume, and could not have been otherwise without involving a contradiction.

"So that what we first thought to be *impossibilities*, turn out to be only *difficulties*, and, on the other hand, many of the difficulties which perplex us in the scheme of Providence are such, that the removal of them, keeping other things as they are, would be an impossibility."

Having thus generally met the argument from the existence of evil, he returns to the consideration of the actual scheme of God's providence as we find it upon earth; and shews that we do not derogate from the sovereignty or active providence of God, or lay down any positions inconsistent with his wisdom, his power, or his purposes in creating the world, by attributing to men the power of choice, and regarding them as in great measure the agents of their own happiness or misery. He argues that the existence of evil, the uncertainty of events, and a consciousness that much depends upon ourselves, are essential to a state of trial. If there were *no* settled order of things, we should be at a loss for any principles of action: but if *every thing* were finally fixed and determined beforehand, all opportunities of exercising our vigilance and foresight; all motives for prayer would be removed. Reason then teaches us to admit, 1st, That God foreknows all things, and yet that he deals with man as if future events were contingent in their nature. 2ndly, That God's providence controls the order of events; and yet that man is free to choose and to act. Each of these propositions is separately demonstrable; and they are not contradictory, though their congruity may be inconceivable.

"If, then, each of these positions must be separately admitted, although their union is mysterious and unaccountable, it is not," says the learned author, "*adding* to the difficulty, it is a natural and probable conclusion, that many *consequences* from each of those fundamental positions separately taken should be deducible, which

are no more reconcileable with each other in our apprehensions, than the original truths are from which they are derived. To dwell upon these subordinate truths, these consequences of the original positions, to set them in array against each other, to represent him who holds the one side as necessarily contradicting the other, and to demand an explicit disavowal of every tenet connected with the one, before we will acknowledge that a man really believes the other, is the sure way to perpetuate strife, and to defeat the practical good which may be derived from both opinions. If that God made every thing, knowing beforehand all that would come to pass and all that men would do, be an undeniable truth—if nevertheless he deals with man as if he were free to act, and rewards and punishes him according to this trial—and we cannot *comprehend how* both these things should be true together, we yet can *believe* them both *to be* true *, and so believing, we may well conclude, that many of our occasional reasonings concerning these things must be infected with the same apparent incongruity that strikes us in the enunciation of those first principles. We ought not to wonder at these difficulties; we ought rather to expect them. Strife must be endless, if we are not to rest till they are all explained and harmonized: and error, not truth, will prevail, if either position be so established as to exclude the other. Let us, however, carefully bear in mind, that these are not *contradictions* but *apparent incongruities*—and the same answer which we give to those who press us with the *main* difficulty, must in all reason be allowed to cover these also.

"In such a state of things, however, reason, as well as charity, requires that we should give to each doctrine that form and complexion which is least hostile and inconsistent with the other, seeking rather to soften discrepancies, and to approximate, if we cannot identify opinions, instead of assuming that tone of challenge and defiance, which implies that there is no difficulty to be overcome, and that he who will not renounce the one, is justly chargeable with all the pernicious consequences involved in a denial of the other. There may be truths, as there are mathematical lines, which must ever approach, although to the comprehension of a finite being they will never coincide. Such questions then, which by their very nature cannot admit of a perfect solution, should never be started as proper objects of human investigation. They may be resorted to by the sophist as an inexhaustible storehouse of wrangling and controversy; but he who values discussion only as it tends to elucidate truth, will turn away from that which ministers only debate, satisfied with the possession of those undoubted truths, without which his own existence is a still greater mystery than the deepest of all these perplexing speculations." P. 68.

* "This distinction, often overlooked in controversy, is clearly pointed out and well applied by Bishop Tomline in his Refutation of Calvanism, chap. iv. p. 250—254."

In the remainder of this discourse Dr. Copleston shews, that what has been proved of natural religion is applicable to those analagous difficulties which are found in the doctrines of revelation. The Book of God's word, he observes, speaks a plainer, but not a contradictory language to the book of God's works.

"In the dispensation, therefore, of those greater gifts and better promises which his *written word* has made known to mankind, we cannot but expect, that the same assertion of universal sovereignty, of absolute knowledge, and unbounded power, extending to all that we now do or shall do hereafter, would frequently be made. It is the seal of revelation set to one of the earliest conclusions of human reason. But we must also expect, that as in the *natural world* the trial of our virtue is apparently the main object, and the dispensations of Providence seem to be especially designed to make us feel how much depends upon ourselves in this state of earthly discipline, so the trial of our faith should be set forth *in Scripture* as one grand purpose of our present being—that the more God has done for us, the more we should be called upon to do for ourselves—that if to secure his temporal blessings, virtue and prudence and industry are demanded on our part, still more to render ourselves capable of this glorious reward, we should be exhorted to lay aside every sin, and to labour in every branch of duty with redoubled diligence—that if in the course of human affairs, men are wont to be disheartened by adversity and by the success of wicked men, insomuch that their belief in an over-ruling Providence is apt to be shaken or impaired, so in those severer trials which assail a Christian, still stronger and more distinct assurances of support should be given, still plainer declarations that God's purpose cannot ultimately be foiled by any powers of darkness—that he will not forsake his elect—but that he will comfort and cheer them through all the perils and hardships of their earthly pilgrimage. Lastly, if the *general laws of the creation* be not so propounded to us here, as to encourage negligence or presumption, but to awaken a lively sense of our dependence upon God, and of the necessity of prayer to him for the continuance of his blessings—so we might well expect, that the course of a Christian would, in his *written word*, be represented as anxious though full of hope—as liable to be stopped or turned aside, or even frustrated by temptation—as needing a perpetual renewal of God's assisting grace, and a careful improvement of all those means of grace, which, if they shall appear to have been bestowed upon us in vain, will certainly be regarded as aggravating the guilt of sin, and will increase our condemnation." P. 73.

In the third discourse, on Acts ii. 23, Dr. Copleston transfers the mode of reasoning which he has already so successfully used in the two former sermons, to the doctrine of

Calvinistic Predestination. He observes, that we ought not to be surprised if we find the Scriptures distinctly recognizing and confirming those fundamental positions of natural religion, which, when separately taken, are both true, and both intelligible; and we must expect that one of these will not be so propounded as to exclude the other. This we know to be the case. The word of God plainly tells us that he knows all things perfectly; as well all that is to come, as all that now is, or has been. It asserts also, in equally decided terms, his over-ruling providence: emphatically declaring that all which happens both in the natural and moral world is under his controul and at his disposal. At the same time they teach us no less positively that God has given us the power of choice and action, that we are able to choose evil or good, to do or not to do as we may please: and that therefore he will call us to account for our conduct, and reward or punish us accordingly as we have obeyed or disobeyed his commandments. All these truths are clearly stated in the Scriptures; neither of them is overpowered or kept down by the other; but both stand upon the same authority: and however we may find it difficult to reconcile them, we may not suppose that they are therefore irreconcileable, but should receive each of them without hesitation, as having equal claims to our belief.

That it is a fact, that each of these truths is to be found in the revealed word of God, is sufficiently proved by the very mode in which the controversy, has been carried on. For as Dr. Copleston observes, an abundant supply of texts has been found, which unquestionably contain each doctrine.

"But," says he, "between the scriptural and philosophical disputants there is this material difference—that whereas in philosophy free-will has been pressed against the doctrine of Providence, almost as much as that of Providence against that of free-will, yet, when the parties take their stand upon scriptural ground, it is only the advocate for predestination that ever contends *directly* against the opinion of his adversary—the advocate for free-will, never pretending to derogate from the foreknowledge or the superintendance of God, but being charged only by his opponent with holding opinions that must draw that consequence after them." P. 87.

"It is with the Predestinarian then," he continues, "that our business chiefly lies; and we complain that he unwarrantably interprets those passages of Scripture which declare that things happen from the appointment and the ordinance of God, from his *purpose*, his *council*, his *will*, as if mankind were not at liberty to do otherwise than they have done—and as if he punished them for

those acts which he designed they should commit, and the commission of which it was not in their power to avoid." P. 89.

While Dr. Copleston purposely excludes from this statement the more offensive doctrines of the *Supralapsarian*, who directly makes God the author of sin; doctrines unequivocally disclaimed by the majority of modern Calvinists; he remarks, that it is not easy to perceive why the same regard for the honour of God, which makes them thus refuse to admit that he fore-ordained the fall of man, in order to bring in the gracious scheme of redemption, and that, therefore, the sin of our first parents was part of his eternal purpose and decree;—should not equally operate to restrain them from contending, on the ground of their own interpretation, of certain passages in Scripture, that God fore-ordained, long before the fall, certain individuals only to be saved—that he sent his Son into the world for the salvation only of these chosen few—and that the eternal happiness or misery of man is the consequence of His absolute decree, passed before they were born, even from all eternity.

"That God created all things and all men, knowing the minutest point of every man's future conduct, is universally admitted. 'The Lord hath made all things for himself; yea even the wicked for the day of evil*.' Yet we acknowledge that the wickedness of these men must not be imputed to God as its author; and however inconceivable the congruity of the two assertions may be, we are all ready to exclaim with the Apostle, 'Let God be true, and every man a liar,' rather than do violence to this fundamental principle. Why then must we be tied down to understand those declarations of God's purpose and will, his foreordained dispensations, his appointments and ordinances, with which the Scripture abounds, as if they laid a restraint upon human liberty? or as if they meant any thing more than that God foresaw how men would act, and adapted his proceedings in such a manner as to accomplish his gracious purposes even in spite of their wickedness? How to reconcile this *foreknowledge* with the *moral probation* of man, we are ready to admit, is not within the reach of our faculties: but all are agreed that each fact, separately taken, is distinctly announced in the word of God.

"That *evil* exists, and that God is not the author of it, although the author of every thing else, undoubtedly carries with it as great a difficulty as the other question we were considering. We readily perceive that this difficulty arises out of the nature of a *created responsible free agent*, an anomaly among all the objects of our understanding which we can never hope thoroughly to compre-

* "Prov. xvi. 4."

hend. We cannot indeed conceive how a being who *knows* all things that will come to pass, should subject another being of his own creating to *trial*—that he should expose this being to temptation, *knowing* what the issue will be, and yet speak to him before and treat him afterwards as if he did *not* know it. But, admitting this, it is not *contradictory* to reason, it is *agreeable* to it, and what we might naturally expect, that all the declarations concerning this singular object, should involve in them more or less of that difficulty which resides in the very notion itself; and in proportion as they relate more nearly to that part of man's nature which is thus peculiar and inexplicable, that the difficulty of explaining them by comparison with other things should be increased." P. 91.

A clearer or more satisfactory view of the subject, to an unprejudiced mind, cannot, we think, be taken. And would men cease from their vain endeavours to be wise above what is written, and to fathom the unsearchable depths of those secret things which belong unto the Lord, all disputes upon these abstruse and perilous questions would shortly cease. But, at present, we add to the real difficulties of the subject, by making a wrong use of the language of Scripture. We forget that the inspired writers speak of God not as he is *absolutely*, but as he is *relatively* to ourselves. They accommodate their language, as far as possible, to our perceptions; they borrow ideas from the relations of man to things around him, in order to illustrate the relation which we bear to God: a mode of illustration which must of necessity be imperfect, in as much as nothing in nature stands precisely in the same relation to us, as a *moral free agent* bears to his Creator; and which, therefore, if strained at all beyond its legitimate use, will perplex and mislead us.

"Much doubtless of the error which is afloat in the world on these subjects, arises from not bearing steadily in mind that all the words and forms of speaking applied to the Deity, being borrowed from other objects, cannot adequately describe his nature and proceedings. They are the best means, indeed the only means we have of expressing our thoughts upon this subject at all, but they ought never to be used without a reverential sense of their imperfection—and the rule of interpreting them always as *relative* to ourselves, is an admirable preservative against many mistakes and perplexities, into which men are led by a critical analysis of Scriptural terms. It is to teach *us* how to feel and act towards God, not to explain *his* nature that such words are chosen. If he is said to be *angry*—it is that we may feel it our interest to endeavour to please him. If he is described as *unchangeable*—it is that we may not indulge the weak imagination of eluding, surprising,

or finding him capricious and careless, as *men* often are, forgetful of their purpose, and less peremptory at one time than another. If *he* is said to pity and repent, it is that we may neglect nothing which we should do in a case of distress to make a *man* pity and repent.

"The scholastic rule is no bad one for the interpretation of such language, *Affectus in Deo denotant effectum.* When the *effect* is the same which certain passions would naturally lead to in men, we speak of it as proceeding from the same *cause:* but nothing would be more absurd, as well as impious, than because the name of a certain passion is employed in these cases, to pursue the investigation farther, analysing the elements, the motives, the objects of that passion in men, and drawing inferences from hence concerning the Divine nature and dispensations." P. 96.

If we would avoid the impieties and absurdities which have resulted from the misapplication of these *relative* terms, we cannot do better than adopt the practical rule recommended by Dr. Copleston; which is, never to push their application so far as to trench upon any of the revealed attributes of God —such as his justice, his goodness, his mercy; or to contradict any positive declaration of his will.

"It were well," says he, "if this rule, which was continually present to Luther's mind*, were more observed than it is by Christian divines. We should not then be offended, as we often are, by a boldness of language when speaking of the nature of the Deity, which a prudent naturalist avoids in the investigation even of the meanest of his creatures†." P. 103.

In the remainder of this discourse, Dr. Copleston briefly adverts to the argument often derived in support of the predestinarian hypothesis from the fulfilment of prophecy. He forcibly argues that, as prophecy is only the declaration of that which cannot have been unknown to God, whether declared or not; if his foreknowledge is not to be regarded as

* "'Nemo igitur de *divinitate nuda* cogitet, sed has cogitationes fugiat, tanquam infernum, et ipsissimas Satanæ tentationes.' Op. vol. vi. p. 92. 'Attende et vide, ne tibi excidat, *quod sæpe dixi*, quomodo Christus his verbis sui et patris cognitionem conjungit et complicat, ita ut *solum per Christum et in Christo Pater cognoscatur.* Siquidem hoc sæpe dixi, quod iterum atque iterum repetens dico, quod etiam, me mortuo, omnibus in memoria hærere velim, ut omnes doctores non secus atque diabolum caveamus, qui sublimibus illis articulis de Deo docere incipiunt *nudè et sine Christo.* Sicut hactenus in Academiis sophistæ et magistri nostri fecerunt, speculando de suis [ipsius] operibus in cælo, *quid esset, quid cogitaret, quid faceret apud seipsum,*' &c. 'Sed si secure agere volueris, et Deum apprehendere, tum nemini credas Deum te alibi quam in Christo reperturum.' Op. vol. v. p. 192. Quoted by Dr. Laurence in his notes to the Bampton Lectures, Serm. vii."

† "See particularly Cudworth's Immutable Morality, chap. iii. The language of Clarke also, in his Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, is often too peremptory and irreverent on such a subject."

imposing any constraint or necessity on the events, his declaration of that foreknowledge cannot be supposed so to operate. Our belief in the perfect foreknowledge of God teaches us to admit that his prophecies will surely come to pass; but the prophecy is not the cause of its own fulfilment; nor does its enunciation make it impossible for the particular agents who fulfil it to do otherwise. The example, adduced by Dr. Copleston is, as it appears to us, conclusive.

"How absurd," says he, "for instance, would it be to assert that Peter's denial was made inevitable by our Lord's prophecy; when, humanly speaking, instead of contributing towards it, the utterance of the prophecy was the likeliest way to frustrate its own completion. But yet it may be said to follow as a *logical consequence* from the assertion of the foreknowledge and veracity of God, (taking these terms precisely as they are applied to human nature,) that this prophecy *must* be accomplished. *We* may be certain that the thing will happen, and then (as was before observed) the *thing* itself is by a metonymy called *certain*—but in reality the thing remains as it was before, no efficient causes being set in action but those which would have acted had no such prophecy been delivered." P. 108.

He reminds us also, that however certain we may justly feel, that what God has pronounced by the mouth of his prophets will take place; he has repeatedly shewn us that he is not so restrained by his own declarations as that they should be irrevocable under any circumstances. Nothing could be more positive than his denunciation of vengeance upon the wickedness of Ahab, and his message to Hezekiah to prepare for death; yet when Ahab humbled himself, his repentance procured a mitigation of his sentence; and the prayers and tears of Hezekiah induced the Lord to grant him an additional term of life. It detracts nothing from the force of the argument to say, that such a revocation of God's revealed purposes is very difficult to be obtained.

"It is not," says Dr. Copleston, "the *easiness* of this proceeding for which I contend, but its *practicability*. There is a faith which can remove mountains: and against that faith it is presumptuous and unwarrantable in man to oppose any obstacle as insuperable, or any decrees of God as unalterably binding." P. 111.

We earnestly recommend the concluding passage of this excellent discourse to the serious attention of all those, who fancy that they are promoters of the glory of God while they maintain the doctrine of Calvinistic predestination; and are ready to exclaim, with their great, but presumptuous leader,

"*Quisquis Prædestinationis doctrinam invidia gravat maledicit Deo**."

"And let those of the Christian Church, who, while they support the doctrine of absolute decrees, and appeal to the express declarations of Scripture as the grounds of their opinion, fancy that they are jealous for the honour of God, lest his word should seem to be made of none effect—let them look well to their own hearts, that no secret jealousy for their own credit, no pride of intellect, no presumption in the powers of reason, and no obstinacy in adhering to what they have once pronounced to be demonstrable, lurk there, and give a bias to their minds on these questions. Above all, let them remember, that the boundless extent of God's mercy, and of his love for mankind, has been manifested to human eyes in a spectacle far more instructive and affecting than the worm and the gourd of Jonah—and that for us to grudge the communication of that mercy to any one of his creatures, or to regard it as shackled by any antecedent decrees and declarations, is still more at variance with the proofs he has given, that he *willeth* not that any should perish, and that in every nation he that *feareth* him and *worketh* righteousness, is, through *faith* in the merits of Christ, accepted with him." P. 113.

In the course of this sermon, Dr. Copleston has taken occasion to refer to Archbishop King's Sermon on Predestination and Foreknowledge, of which he speaks in terms of great commendation, in a note at the end. We do not presume to undervalue what is recommended by such high authority; but we may be permitted to observe, that the note in question contains an exposition of the archbishop's argument, which is at least as valuable as the sermon of which it speaks in praise: and the observations on analogy, which are here made by the learned provost, appears to us to be much more valuable to the theological student, and more especially to those who are entering upon, or have felt any difficulty in their pursuit of the investigation of this thorny question, than any thing which we have been fortunate enough to meet with in the archbishop's writings.

"The fourth discourse enters upon the main subject of the Calvinistic controversy, viz. *Whether there be few that be saved*,—and *whether each man's destiny is to be regarded as settled from all eternity*. The doctrine of the Church of England upon these points is shewn to be agreeable to scripture, and to be delivered in a manner conformable to the principles maintained in this enquiry: that is, each of those truths which the opposite parties espouse as their creed, is declared to be contained in Scripture,

* "Calvini Instit. lib. 3. cap. 21. sect. 4."

without attempting to explain their union, and without permitting one to obliterate the other." Pref. p. xi.

Such is the concise and unassuming account given by Dr. Copleston of a discourse, to which the student may apply with confidence for instruction, on some of the most difficult questions in theological controversy, and learned divines will refer to again and again; and every time they take it up will derive new pleasure, from the clearness of its statements, the correctness of its views, and the eloquence of its lanaguage.

The question of the text, Luke xiii. 23, 24. *Lord, are there few that be saved,* is one which has severely exercised the minds of Christians for many ages; one which, for the last two hundred and fifty years, has occasioned the fiercest contentions, and the most lamentable divisions in the Church; and still continues to be dwelt upon by many very pious and zealous persons, as a proper and profitable theme for meditation. But it is remarkable, that our Lord gave it no encouragement; and that on this, and several other occasions, he took some pains to recall the minds of his followers from vain speculations on futurity, and on the lot of other men, to the consideration of their own immediate and pressing duties; and of their own responsible and hazardous state.

This is the view which Dr. Copleston takes of the words of his text; and, under this view, he next enquires,

"What are the difficulties which beset the Christian's way, and according to our Saviour's expressive image, render the gate so narrow through which he must pass, if he pass at all, to eternal life—what are the false means and mistaken hopes which carry so many onward in the road to destruction." P. 148.

In considering these difficulties, he rejects, as irrelevant to his inquiry, all the temptations which vice throws in our way; as our Saviour is not speaking of those who exclude themselves from heaven by their sins, but of persons who are seeking to enter in, but fail, because they seek erroneously. He also puts aside Antinomian errors, as their adherents form too small a class to be the *many* spoken of in the text. He then shews, that the difficulty does not consist in the steepness and ruggedness of the road of virtue; for wise men, even by the help of natural reason, have beautifully and satisfactorily demonstrated that, generally speaking, it is the smoothest and easiest path in which we can travel; and experience has confirmed the truth of the Scripture maxim, that *Godliness has the promise of the life that now is, as-*

well as of that which is to come. Nor is the road to heaven narrowed by the necessity of practising those forbidding austerities which the gloomy mind of the ascetic has invented. These are not the duties which our Saviour and his Apostles inculcate; and those who so interpret the precepts of self-denial contained in the Scriptures, entirely mistake their meaning.

"It is not then by the opposition the world offers to an innocent and holy life, it is not by the severe self-denial and oppressive services which the Gospel exacts from us, that the path of life is rendered so narrow, and that man is so reluctant to enter upon it. It is not, I say, so much in the difficulties which lie around him, as in those which spring up within him. It is the pride of his heart which presents the chief obstacle. He cannot bear to be told that his nature is a corrupt, a fallen, a sinful nature: that the carnal, or in other words the natural mind, is at enmity with God: that if he seeks to be reconciled with God, he must seek it alone through the merits of a Redeemer. To him, not to his own doings, however diligently he may labour in the regulation of his own mind, or in the service of his fellow-creatures, to his Saviour he must refer the whole merit and the whole efficacy of his salvation. That Saviour hath said, 'that he came to seek and save them that were lost.' And every man who would be his disciple, let him be the wisest and the most virtuous of men, must believe that he himself was one of those lost creatures whom Christ came to save. He must not only acknowledge with his lips, but in his heart he must feel, that in the sight of God his best deeds are nothing worth—that however they may tend, as they certainly will tend, to make him happier upon earth, they have no power whatever to raise him to heaven.

"Nay, more than this, if he trust to himself, if he indulge himself in setting a value before God upon any thing that he does, these very deeds will be the instrumental cause of his ruin: they will lead him *from* that gate through which alone he can enter, and will carry him farther and farther in a wrong direction. His good works will never bring him to Christ, but if he lay hold on Christ in sincerity of faith, He will easily and quickly bring him to good works. He is the way, the truth, and the life. He is emphatically called the door of the kingdom of heaven. No man cometh to the Father but by him. If then there be in any man's breast a secret longing after self-righteousness—if there be a disposition, however faint, to justify himself by his own performance—any lurking conceit that he, being so much better than others, stands less in need of that atoning merit than the worst of his fellow-creatures, let not such an one think that he will receive any thing from the Lord. He may perhaps upon examination find that he has exercised himself in doing what he thinks his duty—that he has abstained from excess—that he has dealt justly, and worked diligently for the good of mankind—that he has even practised many of those virtues which

are most truly Christian—that he has been kind, patient, humble, charitable, meek, forgiving—yet if his heart be a stranger to God, giving its affections not to things above but to things on the earth, if he suffer it to plead any one of these services as entitled to reward from God, or as fit even to bear his inspection, he is still in his sins—he will be left to wander on according to his own wayward fancies, and will never find the gate of salvation." P. 153.

We recommend this passage, and indeed the whole of the discourse, to the attentive perusal of that very candid and impartial critic, who formerly cautioned Dr. Copleston against the sin of being "ashamed of Christ and his Gospel;" because, as it should seem, he did not enter into mere doctrinal discussions, at a time when his great object was to recommend an important practical duty.

We know not whether he may, even now, agree with the Provost of Oriel, in the view he has taken of the doctrines of the Gospel; or whether he may be conciliated by the powerful, and, as we conceive, triumphant refutation of the Calvinistic tenets which he has produced. But he will scarcely again venture to insinuate, that Dr. Copleston is either unable or unwilling to inculcate Christian duties upon Christian principles; or that "he appears in the capacity of a lecturer on Ethics, rather than as one bearing the high and responsible office of an ambassador for Christ." But we should apologize to the author and to our readers for descending, even for a moment, from the interesting and important enquiry before us, to advert to such assailants. We acknowledge that we have offended against every principle of good taste by such a digression,

——— Turpiter atrum
Desinet in piscem mulier formosa superne.

And we hasten to redeem our fault, by returning to the subject of Dr. Copleston's present labours.

The great difficulty, then, which opposes itself to man's salvation, the obstruction which renders the path of life so narrow, and man so unwilling to pursue it, is found in the pride of our fallen nature.

"If now," says the learned author, "we reflect on the prevalence of this proud spirit among men, on their proneness to value themselves upon their own worth, on the unwelcome and humiliating confession required by the Gospel from the best and wisest of mankind as well as from the wickedest and the most ignorant, we shall not wonder at the strong comparison by which our Lord illustrates the straitness of that road through which we must pass to sal-

vation. For not only our sinful appetites, but what is much harder, every 'high thought and vain imagination that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, must be brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ*.'

"Neither have we yet described the full extent of that humility to which the heart of man must bow before he can be a disciple of Christ. And the part which remains to be told will perhaps to many minds appear much harder than what has been already stated.

"For in thus turning from the lying vanities of self-righteousness to the true and living God, he must not flatter himself that the change is his own work. He must not take credit to himself for the victory, but must give God the praise for having called him out of darkness into his marvellous light. 'No man cometh to me,' said our Lord, 'except my Father draw him.' To God then be our thanks and praise rendered, as the giver not only of our natural but of our spiritual life. He is, as our Church often confesses, the Author of all godliness. 'Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth†.' 'It is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure‡.' His grace brought us to the knowledge of the truth, and unless we resist or neglect his gracious influence, in spite of all the powers of darkness his grace will preserve us in it." P. 157.

Here then, if we accept the Calvinistic doctrine of indefectible grace, and final perseverance, all the difficulties of the Christian pilgrimage seem to end at once. For "the elect to whom God gives grace cannot reject it;" and "such as have once received that grace, by faith, can never fall from it, finally or totally, notwithstanding the most enormous sins they can commit§."

But such a view of our condition, as Christians, is not only contrary to the natural light of reason, but expressly contradicted by the whole tenor and complexion of that revelation, which, as Christians, we accept and believe.

Out of the many passages of the New Testnment which bear upon the point, and ought to be considered as deciding the question, Dr. Copleston has referred to Luke xii. 35, &c. to Luke xxii. 31, 32. 1 Cor. x. 12. Heb. x. 38. Rom. viii. 11. 1 Cor. ix. 27. We need not remind our readers how much might be added to this list if necessary; but we are certain, that to those who will be content to derive their faith from the Scriptures, instead of reading them to confirm their preconceived opinions by the colourable authority of their

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"* 2 Cor. x. 5." "† James i. 18" "‡ Phil. ii. 13."

"§ See the conclusions of the Synod of Dort, Art. 4, 5. as cited in the Appendix, p. 218."

language, such doctrines as those above alluded to never can suggest themselves; and to readers of the latter kind, it will be vain to appeal; for when they have once learned to mould scripture till it suits their own imaginations, they will scarcely be persuaded of the duty of "bringing down their imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ*." Leaving, however, such persons to the delusions of which they are enamoured, we turn to the clear, distinct, and orthodox view of our Christian state and duty which this sermon presents.

Having shewn us what the difficulty is which opposes itself to the disciple of Christ, in his progress towards those heavenly mansions which his Saviour has prepared for him in his Father's house; he thus opens the way in which that difficulty may be combated and overcome.

"It must then be the constant care and endeavour of the disciple of Christ, *after* he is brought into the way of salvation, to keep himself stedfast in that way. The corrupt nature of Adam still remains even in the regenerate, and as long as they dwell in this fleshly tabernacle will ever be at war with the spirit. He must strive then not only to grow in grace, but he must examine himself seriously and often whether he be in the faith. However warm and zealous, and spiritual he may fancy himself or even feel himself to be, yet let him always bear in mind the caution, that every spirit is not of God. There is a spirit of fanaticism and delusion which in its beginnings it is often difficult to distinguish from sober and true piety. Against this delusion he must ever be on his guard: and, as one of the best criterions for ascertaining the point, let him narrowly sift his thoughts as well as severely scrutinize his actions. For if there be any thing in them contrary to Christian humility, or charity, or sobriety, this he may be sure is not from God, neither is it approved of God. To despise or to neglect ordinances, to be morose or unsocial or austere, to be capricious or irregular in religious exercises, to think lightly of the decencies or minor duties of life, are fruits not of the spirit but of the flesh. And if any disposition towards these errors be discoverable, he should regard it as an evidence and a warning that he is in danger of departing from the right way.

"Above all, if he indulge a secret pleasure in the comparison of his own case with that of others, an error into which our Calvinistic brethren are most apt to fall, let him instantly check the uncharitable and unchristian thought, and remember that in the portrait of *false* religion which our Saviour described under the character of the self-righteous Pharisee, this very satisfaction

* 2 Cor. x. 5.

forms the leading feature, 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.'

"If however under this severe and constant discipline he feels that inward joy which a belief of being in communion with Christ diffuses over the mind—if moreover this belief be verified by a consciousness of love towards mankind, and a manifest improvement in virtuous and godly living—he need not fear to encourage within him so just a consolation: and he must learn to despise the calumny or the ridicule of the world if ever it should be cast upon him for this persuasion." P. 163.

In the conclusion of this sermon, Dr. Copleston recapitulates his whole argument with admirable clearness; shewing what has been its drift, recalling to his hearers minds what it has established, and pointing out its connection with that view of the true road to salvation which he has laid down in this the last discourse. The whole passage is too long for insertion; but ample as our extracts have already been, we cannot refrain from giving the following eloquent peroration, in which he presses upon the younger part of his audience the necessity of adopting that mode of teaching, when they should be called to act as labourers in the vineyard of the Gospel, which, as it is best calculated to set forth the gracious purposes of God, and to enforce the duties of the Christian, will enable them "both to save themselves and them that hear them."

"Let us not fear then to withdraw this Stoical covering, this garb of human metaphysics, with which Austin first and Calvin afterwads overlaid the divine truths of Revelation. Let us separate this dross of earthly disputation, and restore the pure substance of the Gospel to its pristine lustre and to its native simplicity.

"But while we thus throw off the foreign ingredient, let us beware also that no part of the truth itself be suffered to escape at the same time. Let us retain both the purity and the power of faith—laying none other foundation of our hopes of eternal life than that which *is* laid, the humiliating doctrine of man's natural corruption, and the animating doctrine of his spiritual restoration through a crucified Redeemer.

"To you, more especially, who are hereafter to be sent out by the Lord of the harvest as labourers into his harvest, who in humble imitation of your heavenly Master will undertake the gracious errand 'to seek and to save that which is lost,' to you does it more especially belong to cast away these fetters of human invention, and to set free your limbs for that glorious work. Go not forth to fight the Lord's battles encumbered with this unmanageable, this needless weapon. It is no sword of etherial temper: it comes not from God's armoury: but set forward in full assurance of faith, arrayed in that panoply divine which the Scripture sup-

plies abundantly, and which alone is able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

"Take then your example of instruction, not from the jejune tenets of philosophy, but from the bright and living pattern exhibited in the great apostle of the Gentiles. Address yourselves to men's hopes and to their fears—to their sense of duty, and to their moral affections—to their consciousness of what they ought to do and what they can do. Bid them strive with all their might for the mastery. Teach them how much depends upon their own efforts, and their own vigilance; and that those efforts and that vigilance are now doubly called for, lest this mighty deliverance should have been wrought for them in vain.

"But above all teach them, as you value your own immortal souls, and as you desire to save theirs, teach them to seek to enter in by the good and the right way—and what must never be forgotten, the ONLY way. Speak not peace when there is no peace. Prophecy not smooth things. Presume not, through any fond notion of benevolence, or any false notion of liberality, much less for the sake of worldly applause or favour, presume not to *widen* that gate which your Lord himself has pronounced to be strait and narrow. For narrow as it is, be assured it is spacious enough for the passage of all those whom you will ever persuade to bend their steps towards it. And should any weak or presumptuous disciple propose to you the question, 'Are there few that be saved?' your answer is ready. It is furnished by our Lord himself, and it ought for ever to silence such vain enquiries.

"The number of those that shall be saved may indeed be comparatively few—but we know assuredly, that it was a countless multitude for whom Christ died. We know that the Church in the day of the Lord will consist of a gathering from all nations and from all times. We know that the faithful seed of Abraham shall then be, according to God's eternal promise, as the stars of the sky in multitude, and as the sand which is by the sea shore innumerable. It may be your glorious destiny, it ought to be your sanguine hope, (a hope in which the consistent Calvinist can never partake,) that you may *increase* that number—that you may provide guests for that heavenly feast, who would never have heard of it but for your preaching—never have sought after it, but for your persuasion—never have found their way to it, but for your guidance. Happy indeed shall he be who turns one sinner to righteousness—who adds one sheep to the fold into which his Lord's flock will then be gathered: and when the chief shepherd shall appear, from his hands will he doubtless receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." P. 171.

Having thus successfully vindicated the Scriptures from the injurious misrepresentations of the Calvinistic school, and shewn that the doctrines which they teach respecting the eternal counsels and foreknowledge of God, have nothing in

common with " the horrible decree" of predestination which that school has so mischievously and so pertinaciously advocated; that nothing may be wanting to relieve the conscientious member of the Church of England from that metaphysical thraldom in which these presumptuous speculators would involve him, Dr. Copleston has appended to his discourses a short examination of the seventeenth article. His purpose is to shew, in answer to those who contend that the Calvinistic doctrine of absolute decrees is set forth in this article, that such was not the *belief*, and, consequently, not the *intention* of those who framed it: and, as he well observes, " when this point is once established, the difficulty is thrown on them to prove that their opinions may be reconciled with it." This our readers will perceive is not new ground. The position which it is Dr. Copleston's object to establish, has been maintained with great ability, even in our own time, by more than one divine of celebrity; and he has referred, in terms of merited encomium, to their labours, especially to those of Dr. Lawrence, in his valuable Bampton Lectures. Gladly do we see so able a champion as Dr. Copleston fighting the battles of the Church of England, side by side with these veteran warriors; and they will not be less rejoiced than we are, to find such a reasoner re-examining the question point by point, and confirming their conclusions by his powerful suffrage.

With a view of reducing this controverted question to as narrow limits as possible, Dr. Copleston commences by stating a few preliminary and undisputed facts, which, as he remarks, " are of great importance towards forming a right judgment of the main subject of his enquiry." These are, that Cranmer, with the assistance of Ridley, compiled the Articles of our Church; that he and Melanchthon highly respected each other, and maintained a long and confidential correspondence on the subject of the Articles, as well as on other topics; and that Melanchthon *uniformly* opposed the Calvinistic doctrine of decrees, as did Luther also in his later writings. After shewing what were Cranmer's doctrines upon the subject of Grace and Free will, by a short but apposite passage taken from " the Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man," and citing a clear summary of Calvin's doctrine of Predestination from Dr. Winchester, he adverts to the fact, that the proffered assistance of this bold reformer was rejected by Cranmer, while his cordial agreement with Melancthon is proved not only by their uninterrupted correspondence, but by the striking coincidence in phrascology between our Articles and those of the Augsburg Confession, as well as

various parts of Melancthon's Loci Theologici and other works.

"It is then," he observes, "as clear and demonstrable a truth as any historical fact whatever, that Cranmer, both before and during his compilation of the Articles, differed from Calvin, and that he agreed with Luther and Melanchthon upon the points of Predestination and Election. Whether their opinion was right or wrong is not now the question, but whether it was opposed to that of Calvin. Neither is it essential in this argument to shew the consistency of the language employed, or to explain how it is that those consequences do not flow from it, which its adversaries allege. These are points upon which I have enlarged in the foregoing discourses: and a repetition of those discussions would not only be needless, but irrelevant in this place.

"It cannot however fail to be observed, as characteristic marks of the respective schools, that Calvin is bold, precise, and peremptory, while the others are cautious and diffident in their language—'fearful,' according to the words of Ridley, 'to go farther than the text doth as it were lead them by the hand.' They seem to be aware also, that on subjects of this nature only a *partial* disclosure of the truth can be expected. If we cannot adequately comprehend the nature of God, if *time* and *succession of events* are ideas proper only to ourselves, and not applicable to him, how can we presume to speculate and argue upon his *antecedent* will and his *consequent* will, his *foreknowledge*, his purpose and decrees? What he has thought fit to reveal, we receive with alacrity and thankfulness, but more than that we presume not, by way of inference and constructive argument, to ascertain: nor does it seem to be either wise or innocent to apply the knowledge that *is* revealed to any other use, than that of our own spiritual comfort and edification. Thus while Calvin is intent upon *definition* and *system*, they are careful to restrict themselves to the express declarations of Scripture, intent indeed upon rejecting error, but not solicitous about answering cavils or resolving curious questions —regardless, in short, how imperfect and unsatisfactory such a scheme may be to the understanding—but fully assured that enough is communicated of the divine councils for our eternal interests; and that to seek to penetrate beyond this cometh of evil." P. 191.

By a careful examination of the language of our seventeenth article he proves, first, that the very choice of the words in its composition shews that the compiler agreed with Melanchthon in opinion, on the main subject under consideration; and, secondly, that he "studiously endeavoured to confine himself to the very text of Scripture, and avoiding all abstract speculation about absolute decrees, to teach only an *election in Christ*." Having thus established the agreement

in opinion between Cranmer and Melanchthon, and the unwillingness of the former to receive assistance from Calvin; having pointed out the guarded language of our seventeenth article; the care of its compiler to teach only *our election in Christ*, to condemn all speculation upon the *sentence* of Predestination, and to recommend us to look at Predestination always in conjunction with the *general promises* of God, and with *his will expressly declared* in Scripture. From all these premises he infers, that " the sense of our articles is not *with* the Calvinists, but *against* them:" an inference surely not a little strengthened by their own admission, as implied in their " repeated and importunate attempts during the reign of Elizabeth and her two next successors, to procure some more explicit declaration from authority upon these points."

" In conclusion," he says, "let me observe, or rather let me remind the reader of what is one main object of the argument pursued in these discourses, that the cautious language of our Church is not the result of an *equivocal and compromising policy*, studious to include discordant sects under a nominal conformity of doctrine, as it has been sometimes represented even by those who admit the interpretation here contended for, but that it necessarily arises out of the *nature of the subject*, and could not be more peremptory than it is, without contradicting some truth which is as clearly revealed in Scripture as that which the Calvinists make the foundation of their sytsem. That this difficulty is *not peculiar* to revelation, has been proved at length in the body of the work. It has been proved that in this respect, as in most others, revealed is *analogous* to natural religion—and that reason is not *shocked*, however it may *humbled*, by any exposition of the contested propositions, except by that which asserts one of them to the exclusion of the other." P. 218.

Imperfect as is the view we have thus taken of the contents of this volume, we trust it will be sufficient to convince our readers that it is a production of no common value and importance. It is indeed one of those works, of which no review can give an adequate representation. He who would form any proper idea of the author's reasoning, must receive it in his own words; he must read and study the volume. If he wishes to arrive at a correct opinion on this much agitated question, we know not where we could direct him to search for it with more perfect confidence of his success. That all, indeed, who read it should be convinced, is more than we can hope; for we know too well that long rooted prejudices not unfrequently draw a veil over the understanding as well as the heart of a reader, and that those who *cannot* attain conviction are perhaps as many, if not more in number than those

who *resist* it. But to the unprejudiced and impartial, to all who have inclination to pursue an important enquiry, and minds to comprehend an argument, and hearts to yield to the force of sound reasoning,—to them we earnestly recommend Dr. Copleston's volume; and however highly his expectations may be raised, we fear not that one such reader will lay it down, after an attentive perusal, with a feeling of disappointment.

ART. II. *Memoirs of the secret Societies of the South of Italy, particularly the Carbonari. Translated from the original MS.* 8vo. pp. 252. 12s. Murray. 1821.

As this is a very desultory work, we shall endeavour to extract what may prove interesting to our readers, without having any regard to an arrangement of materials that seems to have depended on the irregularity of the occasions at which information presented itself, and the uncertainties necessarily attendant upon a pursuit after hidden mysteries. The author is a foreigner, who has for some time past, as we believe, been chiefly employed in investigating this subject; and having completed his investigation to a certain point, submits it at this moment to the public eye, while the events that lately took place at Naples, are fresh in the memory of all. He placed his manuscript for this purpose in the hands of an English translator, that it might first see the light under our auspices, since "the Continent," he says, "is accustomed to receive the truth with less distrust when it proceeds from Great Britain:" he promises, however, to give his name when the original is published.

It would be an act of absurdity, as must be admitted in this age, for any institution to adopt a title unsupported by some fancied claim to antiquity; and thus the Carbonari derive their name from ancient story. So that the prejudices of human nature are, to a certain point, it seems, respected even by the modern reformers and regenerators; and we have only to lament that the knowledge of history, and even geography, which is exhibited in this instance, is not such as many of our readers will perhaps have been accustomed to consider necessary to form the character of a perfect legislator.

"During the troubles in Scotland, in Queen Isabella's time,

which formed an æra in Carbonarism, many illustrious persons having escaped from the yoke of tyranny took refuge in the woods. In order to avoid all suspicion of criminal association, they employed themselves in cutting wood and making charcoal (the only commercial produce of Scotland). Under pretence of carrying their charcoal for sale, they introduced themselves into the villages, and bearing the name of real Carbonari *(Colliers)*, they easily met their partisans, and mutually communicated their different plans. They recognized each other by signs, by touch, and by words; and as there were no habitations in the forest, they constructed huts of an oblong form, with branches of trees. They established a government, which issued laws. This government consisted of three persons: their office was triennial, and they presided over three *vendite*, or lodges; one legislative, another administrative, and the third judicial. This last was called the Alta Vendita.

" These vendite were subdivided into a number of *Baracche*, each erected by a Good Cousin of some distinction among his companions, who communicated with the Alta Vendita, and was styled the Grand Master.

" There dwelt in the forest a hermit of the name of Theobald: he joined them, and favoured their enterprize. He captivated their admiration, and was proclaimed protector of the Carbonari. Thus peaceably, these philanthropists passed their days, and met at certain appointed times.

" It happened that Francis I. King of France, hunting on the *frontiers of his kingdom, next to Scotland*, in following a wild beast, parted from his courtiers. Night came on, and he lost himself in the forest. He stumbled upon one of the baracche and asked for shelter; it was granted, and the Good Cousins unanimously ministered to him all that he was in need of. Francis I. admired the happiness of these Carbonari, and their mystic discipline. He thought he saw something mysterious and singular in it, and discovered himself to them as King of France. He earnestly requested to be made acquainted with their secret, and with the object of their association. They gratified him, and he was struck with admiration; and expressed a wish to be initiated into their order, promising to be their protector. The favour was granted, and next morning he was restored to the hunters, who, having missed him, were seeking him in great anxiety. On his return to France, he scrupulously fulfilled his oath. He declared himself the protector of the Carbonari, and increased their number." P. 4.

There have been similar societies instituted in other countries: as to the reform or rather the restoration of the Order of Carbonari at Naples, with which we are now more immediately concerned, it

" is ascribed by the Grand Masters at Naples to an unknown

officer, who had spent some time in Spain. The next efficient supporter of the sect was Maghella, a native of Genoa, originally employed in the counting-house of a man of rank and influence in his native country, whose lady introduced and recommended him to the French authorities."

This Maghella acted as minister of police under the short-lived Ligurian Republic: on its dissolution he appears to have been slighted by Buonaparte; but we find him some few years afterwards recompensed by the favour of King Murat, (who knew his value,) and advanced to the rank of director-general of police at Naples, with a seat in the council of state. It was this very person, we are told, who advised Murat, though in vain, to take no part in the Russian campaign in 1812; and again, in the following year, urged him to set up the standard of independence in Italy, during the time of the combined war against France.

The independence and union of the several states of Italy, seems to have been his first and favourite idea, and whether he changed his views afterwards, or whether his later schemes were merely meant to be subsidiary to this grand scheme, does not appear; but his labours were directed in the succeeding years mostly to the establishing this society of political Free-masons, known under the name of Carbonari: he succeeded, indeed, in forming numerous lodges of this class during the year 1815, both in the Papal dominions and the kingdom of Naples, and which unfortunately survived the disgrace and imprisonment of their founder.

The conspiracy discovered at Masserata in the year 1817, was formed by the members of the society he fixed in the Papal dominions: the horrible nature of the intentions of these *Philanthropists*, may be gathered from the minutes of the trial which have been published of the chief conspirators, some of whom were executed, and others condemned to the gallies, by order of His Holiness in the following year: while of the success his disciples met with at Naples, and of the nature and staunchness of their patriotism, we have lately had memorable proof. When we laugh, however, at their falsehood and pusillanimity, we must allow them the merit (if such it be) of having displayed no small share of adroitness and activity in their endeavours to propagate their doctrines and enlarge the numbers of their society; and we find that in two or three years after the removal of Maghella by the Austrian authorities, during their occupation of Naples, they had contrived to institute lodges in almost every part of this unhappy kingdom. The nobles, indeed,

were easily won over; they had seen themselves stripped successively of all their ancient privileges and their feudal revenues, generally without indemnification, and felt that as a body they could in the present state of things offer no resistance to the power of the government: they hoped to find a resource, therefore, " in a constitutional assembly which it would become their business to manage. Their object was rather to check the royal authority as opposed to the aristocratic interest, than to defend the rights of the people. The army made common cause with them from motives equally selfi h." They were jealous of a great number of Frenchmen employed, and having in vain attempted their removal, they considered the establishment of a national parliament, as the only certain means left for obtaining their purpose.

The provinces of the Abruzzi and the Calabrias, appear however to have afforded great difficulties; they displayed great indifference, and even dislike, to the cause, and it was with a view to entice and seduce them through their more tangible feelings of religious fanaticism and pecuniary interest, that a plan was formed for winning their hearts by promising a reduction of the taxes, and continuing some religious forms with their ceremonies, and introducing religious precepts into their statutes: and by an unparalleled stroke of blasphemy, which would have had a contrary effect to that proposed in any other country than one involved in ignorance and superstition like that of Naples, they solemnly registered Jesus Christ as the Grand Master of their order.

After this account of their origin, we will proceed to the details of the ceremonies of initiation, in which blasphemy and ill-feeling of every description, are disgustingly exhibited to our view.

We just premise that the place of meeting of a lodge of Carbonari (agreeable to the history above given) is called the *baracca*, or *barrack*: the space surrounding it, the *forest*, or *wood*; the interior of the lodge, the *vendita*. That the members are called G. C., or good cousins; that they are divided into two ranks, masters and apprentices. That all the world who are not Carbonari are called pagans. That " good cousinship" is principally founded on *religion* and *virtue*; and that every symbol used in their ceremonies even to the colours of their threads, and forms of their sticks, and trunks of the trees have their sundry abstruse and allegorical meanings: and this being clearly understood, we may venture to present a picture of the reception of a Carbonaro.

"*Reception of a Carbonaro.*

"The *Preparatore* (preparer) leads the *Pagan* (uninitiated) who is to become a member, blindfold, from the closet of reflexion to the door of the Baracca. He knocks irregularly; the *Copritore* (coverer) says to the second assistant, 'A Pagan knocks at the door.' The second assistant repeats this to the first, who repeats it to the Grand Master; at every communication the Grand Master strikes a blow with an axe.

"*Grand Master.* See who is the rash being, who dares to trouble our sacred labours.

"This question having passed through the assistants and *Copritore* to the *Preparatore*, he answers through an opening in the door.

"*Preparatore.* It is a man whom I have found wandering in the forest.

"*Gr. M.* Ask his name, country and profession.

"The secretary writes the answer.

"*Gr. M.* Ask him his habitation—his religion.

"The secretary notes them.

"*Gr. M.* What is it he seeks among us?

"*Prep.* Light; and to become a member of our society.

"*Gr. M.* Let him enter.

"(The Pagan is led into the middle of the assembly; and his answers are compared with what the secretary had noted.)

"*Gr. M.* Mortal, the first qualities which we require, are frankness, and contempt of danger. Do you feel that you are capable of practising them?

"After the answer, the Grand Master questions the candidate on morality and benevolence; and he is asked, if he has any effects, and wishes to dispose of them, being at the moment in danger of death; after being satisfied of his conduct, the Grand Master continues, 'Well, we will expose you to trials that have some meaning—let him make the first journey.' He is led out of the Baracca—he is made to journey through the forest—he hears the rustling of leaves—he is then led back to the door, as at his first entrance.

"*Gr. M.* What have you remarked during this first journey?

"(The Pagan relates accordingly.)

"*Gr. M.* The first journey is the symbol of human virtue: the rustling of leaves, and the obstacles you have met in the road, indicate to you, that weak as we are, and struggling in this vale of tears, we can only attain virtue by good works, and under the guidance of reason, &c. &c. Let him make the second journey.

"(The Pagan is led away, and is made to pass through fire; he is made acquainted with the chastisement of perjury; and, if there is an opportunity, he is shown a head severed from the body, &c. &c. He is again conducted into the Baracca.)

"*Gr. M.* The fire through which you have passed is the symbol

of that flame of charity, which should be always kindled in our hearts, to efface the stains of the seven capital sins, &c. &c.

" Make him approach the sacred throne, &c.

" *Gr. M.* You must take an irrevocable oath; it offends neither religion nor the state, nor the rights of individuals; but forget not, that its violation is punished with death.

" The Pagan declares that he will submit to it; the Master of the Ceremonies leads him to the throne, and makes him kneel on the white cloth.

" *Gr. M.* Order!

" *The Oath.*

" I, N. N. promise and swear, upon the general statutes of the order, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, scrupulously to keep the secret of Carbonarism; and neither to write, engrave, or paint any thing concerning it, without having obtained a written permission. I swear to help my Good Cousins in case of need, as much as in me lies, and not to attempt any thing against the honour of their families. I consent, and wish, if I perjure myself, that my body may be cut in pieces, then burnt, and my ashes scattered to the wind, in order that my name may be held up to the execration of the Good Cousins throughout the earth. So help me God.

" *Gr. M.* Lead him into the middle of the ranks (this is done). What do you wish? The Master of the Ceremonies suggests to the Pagan, to say *Light*.

" *Gr. M.* It will be granted to you by the blows of my axe.

" The Grand Master strikes with the axe—this action is repeated by all the apprentices—the bandage is removed from the eyes of the Pagan—the Grand Master and the Good Cousins hold their axes raised.

" *Gr. M.* These axes will surely put you to death, if you become perjured. On the other hand, they will all strike in your defence, when you need them, and if you remain faithful. *(To the Master of the Ceremonies,)* Bring him near the throne, and make him kneel.

" *Gr. M.* Repeat your oath to me, and swear to observe exactly the private institutions of this respectable Vendita.

" *The Candidate.* I ratify it and swear.

" *Gr. M.* Holding the specimen of wood in his left hand, and suspending the axe over the head of the candidate with his right, says, To the great and divine Grand Master of the universe, and to St. Theobald, our protector—In the name and under the auspices of the Supreme Vendita of Naples, and in virtue of the power which has been conferred upon me in this respectable Vendita, I make, name and create you an apprentice Carbonaro.

" The Grand Master strikes the specimen which is held over the Apprentice's head, thrice; he then causes him to rise, and instructs him in the sacred words and touch.

" *Gr. M.* Master of the Ceremonies, let him be acknowledged by the apprentices.

" The Assistants anticipate the execution of this order, by saying to the Grand Master, All is according to rule, just and perfect.

" *Gr. M.* Assistants, tell the respective orders to acknowledge, henceforth, the Good Cousin N. N. as an active member of this Vendita, &c. &c.

" The Symbolical Picture is explained to the new apprentice.

" *Gr. M.* At what hour do the Carbonari terminate their sacred labours?

" *First Assistant.* As soon as the Sun no longer enlightens our forest.

" *Gr. M.* What hour is it?

" *Second Assistant.* The Sun no longer enlightens our forest.

" *Gr. M.* Good Cousins, as the Sun no longer enlightens our forest, it is my intention to terminate our sacred labours. First, let us make a triple salutation (Vantaggio), to our Grand Master, divine and human, (Jesus Christ).—To St. Theobald, our protector, who has assisted us and preserved us from the eyes of the pagans—Order! To me,———&c. The signs and salutations (Vantaggi) are performed.

Gr. M. I declare the labours ended; retire to your Baracche—retire in peace.

" *Reception to the Second Rank.*

" The signs of the Masters are made, and they arrange themselves in order.

" The Grand Master on this occasion is called the President—The assistants, Counsellors of the College of R. (Respectable) Carbonarism.

" *The President.* At what hour do the Counsellors meet?

" *First Counsellor.* When the cock crows.

" *President.* Second Counsellor, what hour is it?

" *Second Counsellor.* Noon by the Sun.

" The Counsellors make the triple salutation to the Grand Master, divine and human, and to St. Theobald, and invoke their blessing on their labours.

" The President puts on a robe, and takes the name of Pilate; the First Counsellor that of Caiaphas; the second that of Herod; the Adept (Esperto) calls himself the chief of the guards; the Master of the Ceremonies, the Godfather; the Good Cousins generally are called the *People.*

" The Godfather blinds the eyes of the novice, and makes him journey through the forest; he afterwards leads him towards the President, who causes his crown of thorns, and specimen, to be brought, and questions him on the catechism of the apprentices.

" *The President.* Good Cousin, your trials as a novice are not sufficient to raise you to an equality with us; you must undergo more important trials; reflect upon it, and tell us your intention.

" The Apprentice declares that he is ready to undergo the trials.

" *President.* Conduct him to the Olives.

" He is led to the place so called—he is placed in a supplicating attitude, his hands lifted towards heaven—the Godfather causes him to repeat aloud:

" If the pains I am about to suffer can be useful to mankind, I do not ask to be delivered from them. Thy will be done, and not mine.

" *Pilat.* Let him drain the cup of bitterness.

" He is made to drink, and he is then led bound to Pilate.

" *Pilat.* Who is this you bring me?

" *Chief of the Guards.* One accused of sedition; we found him in the midst of wretches who listened to him, and who are witnesses of his wicked precepts.

" *The People.* He is a seducer of the people, who, to govern despotically, and to overthrow our religion, calls himself the living God.

" *Pilat.* The crime is heavy; I cannot judge him alone. Take him to Caiaphas.

" The Chief of the Guards accompanies him.

" *Chief of the Guards.* Pilate sends you this man, to judge him according to his crimes.

" *Caiap.* From what I have heard, he is guilty; his punishment belongs to the Sovereign. Lead him to Herod.

" *Herod.* Who art thou?

" The Godfather instructs the novice to say,

" I am the Son of God.

" *The People.* You hear him, he blasphemes, and deserves the severest punishment.

" *Herod.* Is it true that thou art the Son of the living God?

" The Godfather instructs the novice to say,

" Thou sayest it.

" *Herod.* People! This is a man who is beside himself; put a white robe upon him,and lead him to Pilate, to judge the man as he thinks fit.

" The tunic is put upon the novice, he is led to Pilate who shows him to the people.

" *Pilat.* The Prince sends me this man; what will you that I shall do to him?

" *The People.* Condemn him.

" *Pilat.* I will not condemn him without having heard him. Who are you?

" The Godfather for the novice—Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

" *Pilat.* If he is a king, let a crown of thorns be put upon his head, and a sceptre in his hand: (turning towards the people) Are you satisfied?

" *The People.* No; he deserves a greater punishment.

" *Pilat.* Strip him, bind him to this column, and scourge him.

" Pilate causes him to be again clothed, in a red robe; shows him to the people, and says,

" *Pilat.* Are you satisfied? Behold the man.

" *The People.* No, let him be crucified.

" *Pilat.* I have done my duty; you wish his death; I give him up to you; I wash my hands of the deed; the innocent blood be upon you and on your children. [After Pilate has washed his hands, the novice is delivered over to the people, who make him carry his cross to Calvary; his pardon is asked; he is made to kneel upon the white cloth; the President takes off the red robe, and says,

" *President.* Do you consent to take your second oath? [If he consents, the bandage is taken from his eyes; he is made to kneel on his left knee, with his right hand on the axe. All the Good Cousins arrange themselves in order.

" *Form of the Oath.*

" I, N. N. promise and swear before the Grand Master of the universe, upon my word of honour, and upon this steel, the avenging instrument of the perjured, to keep scrupulously and inviolably the secrets of Carbonarism; never to talk of those of the Apprentices before the Pagans, nor of those of the Masters before the Apprentices. As also, not to initiate any person, nor to establish a Vendita, without permission, and in a just and perfect number—not to write or engrave the secrets—to help even with my blood, if necessary, the Good Cousins Carbonari, and to attempt nothing against the honour of their families. I consent, if I perjure myself, to have my body cut in pieces, then burnt, and the ashes scattered to the wind, that my name may remain in execration with all the Good Cousins Carbonari spread over the face of the earth. So help me God *. P. 194.

" *Explanation of the Symbols.*

" ' The cross should serve to crucify the tyrant who persecutes us, and troubles our sacred operations. The crown of thorns should serve to pierce his head. The thread denotes the cord to lead him to the gibbet; the ladder will aid him to mount. The leaves are nails to pierce his hands and feet. The pick-axe will penetrate his breast, and shed the impure blood that flows in his veins. The axe will separate his head from his body, as the wolf who disturbs our pacific labours. The salt will prevent the corruption of his head, that it may last as a monument of the eternal infamy of despots. The pole will serve to put the skull of the tyrant upon. The furnace will burn his body. The shovel will

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" * We learn from the minutes of the Roman trial that the Republican Brother Protectors swear, over a phial of poison, or a red hot iron, ' never to divulge the secrets of the Society; to labour day and night for the extirpation of tyrants. They submit, in case of perjury, to the punishment of dying by poison, and having their flesh burnt by the red hot iron..'

scatter his ashes to the wind. The baracca will serve to prepare new tortures for the tyrant. The fountain will purify us from the vile blood we shall have shed. The linen will wipe away our stains, and render us clean and pure. The forest is the place where the Good Cousins labour to obtain so important a result. The trunk with a single branch signifies that, after the great operation, we shall become equal to the N. C.'" P. 32.

The sect of the Carbonari, in spite of the religion and virtue which forms the basis of good cousinship, and even of the laws made to league and bind the several bodies of the fraternity, have subsequently been subject, in the short period that has elapsed since their institution, to a variety of dissensions: there have been *Carbonari* and *Calderati*, and *i Greci solitari:* there have been those who thought their labours ended when a constitution was promised by the king; and those again (the Ultra Carbonari) who persisted in continuing their operations after that period, because in their opinion revolutions were never secure *unless cemented with blood*; and who on the 15th of January "had the impudence to address the deputies of the Parliament, and demand the punishment of the archbishop; the adoption of the modifications in defiance of the vote; the dissolution of the committee of public safety, and the reduction of the royal guard!" There have been too (for reformers of governments are seldom able to maintain subordination amongst themselves) very serious and rebellious disputes between the General Assembly of the capital, and the Assembly of the Western Lucania. There have been also bands of robbers established under political titles, and who, claiming immunity from punishment, nick-named persecutions, on that very ground; and we may leave our readers to form from this statement of facts, an idea of the condition of a country disorganised by the introduction of Carbonarism.

Upon the nature and conditions of society in every kingdom, depends the effect produced by the introduction of any new political machine, and in a country like that of Naples, Carbonarism, if not timely suppressed, would lead the way to the perpetuation of sanguinary horrors, such as the German or Englishman would scarcely contemplate as possible, but of the commencement of which proof enough may be found in these very interesting memoirs. That a revolution should cause a stagnation of trade and business is clearly and evidently natural to those who have ever considered its nature: it would be so any where, and to such an extent it did so at Naples, that the *constituzione* was speedily nick-named the

constipazione, or *constipation* by the ingenious and trifling populace of that city. That a great political revolution should produce confiscations of the property of the wealthy, and the assassination of the virtuous and loyal part of the community is in the common course of things: but that one of its first consequences should be the organization of banditti in the more retired parts of the country, is a consequence which could only have arisen from the long habitual relaxation of the general ties of order and society, such as will be found in but few others amongst the governments of Europe: to steal and to stab are among the natural impulses of the Neapolitan, and he gives vent to his inclinations as opportunity may offer.

The story of the *Patrioti Europei* and *Decisi*, and the adventures of their leader the ex-priest Ciro Annichiarico, are given in this volume, together with the trial of these banditti, and their dispersion by General Church. The incidents, and indeed the whole course of the narrative, is of an highly romantic description, and gives us an insight into the state of society in that country, such as we could have scarcely supposed existing in any part of Europe in this century. Their number in 1817 amounted to about 20,000, under secret military organization, divided into camps and squadrons, the greater part of whom were inhabitants of the province of Lecce. Several of these lived at home apparently on the produce of their professions, but they were not the less active in committing crimes of various descriptions. Leases were signed, and wills made under the threats, and even under the poignards of the Decisi, and if certain marks were attached to the letter addressed to any one whom they wished to overawe into compliance with their demands, death was sure to be the result of non-compliance. They had a regular director of the funeral ceremonies, as he was called, for this purpose, and the victim was murdered with regular forms and ceremonies. There were others who lived by plundering travellers on the road, and murdering them; and Ciro himself confessed on his trial that he had with his own hand killed about seventy persons. Yet after all this, we find those were not wanting who were willing to defend publicly this band of assassins in the national parliament of Naples; the deputy Arcovito, in the course of the report, brought forward, in the name of the committee of legislation, asserted boldly,

"That the crimes committed by the prisoners in question were all in consequence of their various political opinions, and therefore

proposed a decree to suppress all criminal proceedings against such as had not been tried, and to remit the remainder of the punishment of such as had already been condemned.

"The deputy Nicoali, and several of his colleagues, declaimed vehemently against the proposal of the committee, they observed that far from extenuating the enormity of crime, the pretence of committing it for the sake of liberty only served to aggravate it."

In short, the majority of the assembly rejected the proposal of the pseudo philanthropists, and acts of murder and rapine remained happily for humanity in as unprotected a state as heretofore. We trust and hope no one will attempt to find *at home* amongst our senators any parallel to the deputy Arcovito.

As to the present state of Carbonarism, we have great satisfaction in quoting the following passage, with which we shall conclude our remarks on this subject.

"Fortunately, this sect, which arrogates to itself so much independence, and the right of interference in all public affairs, is daily losing ground by its own imprudence. It is a jacobine or radical party, such as is to be found elsewhere, far beyond the limits of the two Sicilies. The curiosity of its members is no longer irritated by an unknown object. Their zeal is no longer kept alive by mystery. The ceremonies and emblems have lost their power as symbolical of great events, and a happy futurity; for habit has rendered them familiar and uninteresting. The abuse of them has often made them ridiculous, and the lower orders of candidates have learned to speculate more on the alms which they expect in case of want, from the Society, than on the marvellous secrets to be revealed to them.

"The old members have begun to look down with contempt on the new, although they are themselves disappointed and disgusted with a reality by no means corresponding with the expectations they had formed.

"Free-masonry appears now to be destined as a retreat for such Carbonari as begin to despise their old associates, and who are glad of a pretext for joining a more respectable order. The lodges of the Free-masons are daily increasing in number at Naples, and its publications are read with much more avidity than those of the Carbonari. It is not uncommon to hear the expression, 'Such an one is more than a Carbonaro, he is a Free-mason.'

"The government follows the example of the Spanish Cortes, and seems inclined to put in force the decree of Madrid against clubs and political societies, as the best means of attacking the sect." P. 117.

"Thus the natural progress of the evil itself has been the means of discovering the remedy. It is this remedy, which the

small number of the friends of order look to as the only port of safety; and good policy will be extremely cautious not to shut that opening against them, by having recourse to violence and persecution." P. 119.

ART. III. *Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years* 1819-20, *in His Majesty's Ships Hecla and Griper, under the Orders of William Edward Parry, R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix, containing the Scientific and other Observations. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.* 4to. pp. 522. 3l. 13s. 6d. Murray. 1821.

THE object and nature of the voyage, of which a particular description is given in this volume, and all the preparatory circumstances and history connected with it, are so well known to every body, that it is unnecessary to preface the account which we propose to give of it, by any introductory remarks. It is difficult to remember Capt. Ross, and his book, and his pamphlets, and to read the narrative of Capt. Parry, without thinking of that most unfortunate navigator, to say the least of him. Capt. Ross is, we imagine, the only man in England who will take up the publication before us without pleasure; but the person who must have received the greatest, is, probably, the present under-secretary to the Admiralty, whose merit, we really think, is upon the whole, greater, if possible, even than that of the individual by whom the voyage has been accomplished. It was some praise to have projected the expedition in the first instance; but to have repeated the experiment, after Capt. Ross's failure and most confident assertions of its impracticability, indicates at once the full and able consideration which must have been given by Mr. Barrow to the subject, before he engaged the country in the expense attending his project. We only hope he will continue to display his zeal in a department of discovery, for which this country is so peculiarly qualified, and in which she is also so pointedly interested. With respect to a north-west passage, we cannot contemplate it as likely to be of any use in a commercial point of view; but it is of high importance to science. We shall not stop to notice the various problems which it may assist us to solve, but proceed at once to gra-

tify the impatience of our readers, by presenting them with an analysis of Capt. Parry's book.

The vessels which sailed on this expedition were a bomb, called the Hecla, of 375 tons, built in a merchant's yard at Hull, and the Griper, a gun brig of 180 tons, having previously received every strengthening which the nature of the service demanded. The crews amounted to 94, of whom 58 were on board the Hecla, with Capt. Parry, and the remaining 36 with Lieut. Liddon on board the Griper. The ships were victualled for two years; they had very few biscuits, but in their place, kiln-dried flour was substituted, and as they took in coals for ballast, were not likely to want the means of baking it. A housing cloth was put on board each vessel, of the same materials as the covering of waggons is composed, and this laid over planks, was intended to form a covering for the decks. Philosophical instruments of all kinds, and all the obvious accommodations of warm clothing, &c. were of course provided in abundance.

With respect to their instructions, so far as the direction of the voyage is concerned, that need hardly be stated. They were to find if possible an outlet from Baffin's Bay into the Polar Sea, and to sail directly for Behring's Straits. Among the objects of scientific enquiry that were recommended to their attention, the variation and inclination of the magnetic needle and the intensity of the magnetic force, were particularly named; as also, how far the needle might be affected by the atmospherical electricity and the aurora borealis. Other meteorological observations were mentioned, and of course particular notice was to be taken of the force and course of the tides and currents, of the depths and soundings and other hydrographical particulars. Attention was also required to the natural history of the region they might visit.

Being at length provided with all things necessary for their safety and comfort, and for their conduct during the voyage, they dropped down the river, and left Yarmouth Roads on the 14th of May, 1819. On the 18th of June they fell in with the first stream of ice which they encountered, and on the 24th saw a long chain of ice-bergs, and on the 25th the ships were completely beset, and it was not till the 30th that they were released from their prison. On the 13th of July they were in lat. 70° 06′ 32″, and they counted within no great distance of the ships no less than sixty-two large ice-bergs besides some of smaller dimensions. At this time owing to the early period of the season, they made but little way, and employed themselves in taking in water, abundance

of which and of the best quality, is of course to be had from melting the snow. On one occasion they were occupied most laboriously for five hours in hauling and towing the ships through about 300 yards of loose ice; which is mentioned by Capt. Parry as an example of the difficulties with which this kind of navigation is attended. On other occasions they were forced to saw through the ice, and yet with all their labour were only in lat. 73°, on the 26th. On the 28th, however, all difficulties were overcome, and no farther impediment remained to obstruct their entrance into Lancaster Sound, which they entered on the 31st; and Capt. Parry mentions with satisfaction that although they had left England a fortnight later than on the occasion of the expedition under Capt. Ross, yet they reached the Sound one month earlier, having the two best months of the year before them. This Capt. Parry attributes to the advantage which he possessed of having more experience of the nature of the navigation in those seas, than they possessed on the former voyage.

On the 31st Capt. Sabine and our author landed in Possession Bay at the mouth of the Sound. There was no snow on the ground to the height of between six and seven hundred feet above the sea, though the mountains to the back were entirely covered with it. Mr. Fisher the surgeon followed the course of the river for about three or four miles; he found no wood, but he picked up a piece of whale-bone that had formed part of an Esquimaux-sledge. A remarkable circumstance however is, that it does not appear that any snow can have fallen since the period of their former visit in 1818; the traces of their footsteps having remained upon the ground, which were so fresh, that it was not till some time they could satisfy themselves that they were really their own.

On the 1st of August Lancaster Sound was full before them, and the sea perfectly clear from ice, although the wind was contrary. The Griper had always sailed very much slower than the Hecla, but the difference had now become so great that Capt. Parry determined to sail in the Hecla by himself to the westward, having appointed Capt. Liddon to rendezvous on the meridian of 85° west, and as near the middle of the Sound as possible.

On the 3rd of August, the wind set in from the eastward, and it is impossible to describe, says Capt. Parry, the almost breathless anxiety with which they hoisted all sail and bore away to the westward. The mast heads were crowded with officers and men during the whole afternoon. There was nothing to obstruct their passage, the line could find no

bottom, the wind continued to freshen, and by night-fall, having reached long. 83° 12′ without any appearance of land in advance, and the shores still thirteen leagues apart, their doubts respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this spacious inlet, were completely removed; and accordingly the Hecla hove to in order to enable the Griper to join them, which she effected in a few hours.

At seven next morning the two ships again set sail to the westward, and during the course of the morning passed two inlets on the northern shore of the sound, which were bounded by rocks of a very curious geological appearance. The sea was now as free from ice as any part of the Atlantic Ocean, and the crews began to flatter themselves that they had already fairly entered the Polar Sea; the water had recovered its true oceanic colour, and the long swell rolling regularly from the southward and eastward assisted to keep up their hopes. But during the night the weather became hazy, and in the morning they found their advance again impeded by ice, and to add to their mortification, the easterly winds died away and were succeeded by light and variable airs.

From the time that the ships had entered Lancaster Sound, the sluggishness of the compasses as well as their irregularity, produced by the attraction of the ships' iron, had been uniformly encreasing, till at length on the morning of the 7th, being in the latitude of 73°, they witnessed the curious phenomenon of the directive power of the needle becoming so weak as to be completely overcome by the attraction of the ship; so that the needle might be properly said to direct towards the pole of the ship. It was only, however, in compasses of great delicacy, that the needle would move at all; in the ordinary compass the friction upon the points of suspension overcame the ship's attraction; so that for the purposes of navigation the compasses became completely useless, and afterwards the binnacles were removed from the deck to the carpenter's room as useless lumber.

The ships had now bent their course directly southward into a large inlet which leads out of Lancaster Sound, and which they soon found to be closed with ice, although the inlet itself encreased in width. It was called by them, "Prince Regent's Inlet." They sailed to the southward in this channel, about 120 miles, and Capt. Parry seems to believe that it will one day be found to lead into Hudson's Bay.

On the 11th they again set sail to the northward, with a view to continue their course to the westward in Lancaster Sound; but now that their compasses had ceased to act, it be-

came impossible to proceed in dark or hazy weather, as they no longer possessed the means, under such circumstances, of knowing from what quarter the wind blew, or what was the direction of their course. They were at this time detained for ten days in the ice; but on the 21st the great opening from Baffin's Bay, was once more perfectly free from obstruction, and they again proceeded westerly. To the north they observed a large channel, quite free from ice, to which they gave the name of Wellington Channel. Two thirds of the month of August had now elapsed, but the sea would continue navigable for six weeks, and as it was no longer doubted but that they were secure of a passage into the Polar Sea, the crews were in high health and spirits.

They proceeded on their course till the 3rd of September, without meeting with any accidents or any incidents to diversify the narrative, except such as we have already been describing; on that day they passed the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich in the lat. 74° 44′ 20″; by which the crews of the ships became entitled to £5000, which parliament had contracted to pay to such of his Majesty's subjects as should succeed in penetrating thus far to the westward within the Arctic circle. They continued to work their way still farther in the same direction until the 5th, when perceiving the symptoms of rough weather, they entered a bay which they called "Hecla and Griper Bay," and for the first time since they had left Yarmouth Roads, brought the ships to anchor.

The season was now so far advanced, that from ten till two every night, the ships were made fast to floes of ice, as it was impossible (now that their compasses were useless) to proceed after the setting of the sun; but as the month of September is generally more free from ice in the northern seas than any other month of the year, they were sanguine of prosecuting their discoveries to the desired result. In these hopes, however, they were disappointed: the ice began to accumulate so much around the ships, that Capt. Parry took the ships in shore at a large island called Melville Island, After again trying to penetrate to the westward, they were finally obliged to relinquish all further attempts to find a passage through the ice, and to begin to think of their winter quarters. But although the ships only reached the meridian of 113° west, yet there can be no doubt of the existence of an open sea beyond. At the time we are speaking of, the very ice which prevented the ships from passing onward, was drifting to the westward, in a strong current of two miles and a half an hour. A very interesting account is given of the various difficulties

and dangers to which the ships were exposed at this period, but we must refer our readers to the volume itself for a more particular narrative. Having pitched upon an harbour in Melville Island as best adapted for the purpose of wintering, they proceeded to cut a channel through the ice to the spot which they had selected. It may convey some idea of the labour which this operation required, when we learn that the length of the channel was 4082 yards, through ice of seven inches thickness upon the average. The fatigue which the officers and men underwent on this occasion, and the evident cheerfulness with which it was endured, convey a high idea of the ability and conduct of the commander. Just before this six of the crew of the Griper having gone upon a shooting party, lost their way, and did not return for three days. They lived chiefly upon raw grouse, and made huts for themselves at night with stones and moss, and do not appear to have suffered any extraordinary hardship, beyond fatigue.

Having now reached the station in which they would probably have to remain for eight or nine months, during three of which they were not to see the light of the sun, some preparations became necessary for such extraordinary circumstances; and the duties which devolved upon Capt. Parry in consequence were quite out of the ordinary line of an officer's charge. The security of the ships, the preservation of the stores, the maintenance of good order and cleanliness, with a view more particularly to the health of the men, became now the subject of serious consideration.

The first thing was to cover the ships; the boats, spars, ropes, sails, &c. were removed on shore, in order to leave as much room as possible on board. The ships being then secured and housed over, the health of the men, which had hitherto been excellent, became the next subject of attention. The births and bed places were first to be considered. When the weather became extremely cold, the vapour from the coppers and other parts of the ship, were condensed upon the beams, and more particularly in the bed places, owing to the breaths of the men, so as to keep the beams and sides of the ship constantly wet. By means of pipes this inconvenience was remedied, except in very extreme weather; and at those times, the parts of the ship where the men slept, were still not quite so dry as might have been wished.

The allowance of bread was reduced one third. A pound of Donkin's preserved meat, together with one pint of vegetable or concentrated soup, was substituted one day in the week for one pound of salt beef. Beer and wine were substituted for spirits; and sour crout, pickles, and vinegar,

were given in as large quantities as could be used; and every man obliged, every day, in the presence of an officer, to drink a certain quantity of lime-juice and sugar, mixed with water. No difference was made in these or any respects between the officers and men. The importance of these regulations is best proved by the event. In nearly all the cases (of which several are upon record) of ships' crews wintering in the arctic regions, the whole of the men have died of the sea-scurvy. In the present case, only one man died, and that of a disorder not at all connected with the climate or the quality of the food. Great attention was also paid to the clothing and the personal cleanliness of the men. They were inspected daily, and once a week the surgeons examined their gums and shins, to see if there were any appearances of the scurvy, in order that the disorder might be immediately checked.

To keep up the spirits of the men, a newspaper, under the direction of Capt. Sabine, was also set on foot: this was a luxury rather than a necessary of life, in the new and somewhat appalling circumstances in which Capt. Parry and his men were about to be placed; but it shews the anxiety of that officer to study the happiness of his men; indeed, he seems in every respect to be a person well qualified for the difficult post to which he had been appointed.

Among the many proofs of good fortune which the ships experienced in the course of the expedition, Capt. Parry mentions as one, which was not the least providential, their determination to lay up for the winter at the time they pitched upon. On the very night of their arrival in the destined harbour, the glass fell to one degree below Zero; and on the following day, the sea was observed from the hills to be quite frozen over. This was on the 27th of September. Till that time the weather does not appear to have been in any extreme of cold; seldom below 29°, and at times as high as 39° of Fahrenheit.

Having now safely brought our navigators into winter quarters, the charater of the narrative changes, and becomes, we think, more interesting. The details of sea voyages, especially to those unacquainted with such matters, are somewhat monotonous; but it is impossible not to feel some little curiosity respecting the history of a "Winter in the Polar Sea." The first thought of the crews, on being settled, for the winter, appears to have been that of hunting and shooting. A day or two after their arrival, a servant of Capt. Sabine was pursued by a white bear; but this was the only

animal of the kind which they saw during the whole of their abode in "Winter Harbour." Rein-deer were in considerable abundance; but on the 15th of October they saw the last covey of ptarmigan for the season. It became, however, dangerous to leave the ships without many precautions, from the effects of the cold. The temptations to this, however, soon became very small: the rein deer left the island and went over the ice, it was supposed, to the continent of America. About three weeks after their arrival, and on the 20th of October, which Capt. Parry says was one of the finest days that ever occur in those climates, the thermometer was 16° below Zero, but yet the weather was rather pleasant to their feelings than otherwise; the sportsmen of both ships went out the whole day, and returned without having seen any living animal, so that their hopes of indulging now and then in the luxury of a little game during the winter were at once precluded.

On the 20th (we are now in the month of October) the aurora borealis was observed, but it produced no effect upon the magnetic needle. They had, at this time, day-light from half-past nine till half-past two. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the sky at sun-rise and sun-set: near the horizon was a rich bluish purple, and a bright arch of deep red above. The weather was calm and clear, and the smoke scarcely rose, but skimmed horizontally along the housing. It became dangerous, however, to touch any metallic substance with the naked hand. If an instrument, or any other thing made of metal, was brought down below, after having been for some time in the open air, its extreme coldness instantly congealed the vapour about it; and when a candle was placed in a certain direction from the instrument to the beholder, a number of minute *spiculæ* of snow, at the distance of two or three inches, were seen floating in the air, in its immediate neighbourhood.

The month of November commenced with mild weather, that is to say, it was not more than 1° or 2° below Zero, which, from the custom of severer cold, appeared to their feelings quite mild and comfortable. On the 4th of this month they took farewell of the sun for three months, but he disappeared amidst vapour, so that they were unable to make any observation upon the amount of atmospherical refraction at a low temperature. And now the winter being fairly set in, the gaieties of the season commenced with the play of "Miss in her Teens," which was acted before a select, at least, if not a very numerous audience, with unbounded ap-

plause. One of the best effects, however, of this amusement, was the time it occupied in fitting up the theatre, and taking it down again; for the difficulty in finding employment for the crews, was an evil which Capt. Parry was very desirous of providing against.

They tried the temperature of the sea, at this time, when the thermometer was at 8° below Zero: at the depth of five fathoms it was found to be 30°, while at the surface it was 28°. They again tried whether the aurora borealis produced any effect upon the electrometer, but without perceiving any. The wolves now began to make their appearance near the ships, howling most piteously in the silence of the night, but never coming so near to the people as to be shot at, or shewing any disposition to attack them. The white foxes were more familiar; and one was caught, whose uneasiness, whenever he heard the howling of the wolves, shewed that the latter hunt this animal as their prey. The moon at this period exhibited a very remarkable appearance, the lower edges of its disk seeming as if indented with notches, and at the other as if cut off square at the bottom. A single ray, or rather column of light, of the same diameter as the moon, was also observed to descend from it, to the top of the hill, like a pillar supporting it. On another occasion, a circular halo, whose radius was 22° 52′, was seen round her orb, which was then at its full: an horizontal circle of white light passed through her; and in the points where it intersected the halo, were two prismatic spots of light. In that part of the halo immediately above the moon was another spot much brighter, and below it another spot, though more faint. On the following evening two concentric circles were observed round her, in addition to the other-mentioned phenomena.

December seems to have passed much as the preceding month, except that they began to find inconvenience from the pumps being frozen, and from the lemon-juice bottles breaking from the same cause. It was however a matter of general remark, at the end of the month, how quickly the time had passed away; and so far were they from not having sufficient occupation, as Capt. Parry had feared, that he found the men complained of their not having time to mend their clothes; which complaint was, of course, easily remedied. The account which Capt. Parry gives us in this part of the volume, of the manner in which they passed their time, is interesting. In addition to all the usual regulations and duties, such as keeping watch, rubbing the decks, and so on, of course some additional care was required in preventing the

accumulation of ice about the ships, either on the decks or in the sleeping places. The men were sent out daily to take a walk till noon, when the weather would permit; and when it would not, they were made to walk up and down the covered deck, to a tune on the organ, or to a song of their own. This systematic exercise was not very popular among the men; however, they were allowed no choice.

"The officers, who dined at two o'clock, were also in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and a heavy snow-drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may be well imagined that at this period, there was but little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony which, day after day, presented itself. To the southward was the sea, covered with one unbroken surface of ice, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that, in some parts, a few hummocks were seen thrown up somewhat above the general level. Nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow, except here and there a brown patch of bare ground in some exposed situations, where the wind had not allowed the snow to remain. When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm and clear days, which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object was to be seen on which the eye could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us, a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye or amusement to the mind, that a stone of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.

"Dreary as such a scene must necessarily be, it could not, however, be said to be wholly wanting in interest, especially when asso-

ciated in the mind with the peculiarity of our situation, the object which had brought us hither, and the hopes which the least sanguine among us sometimes entertained, of spending a part of our next winter in the more genial climate of the South Sea Islands. Perhaps, too, though none of us then ventured to confess it, our thoughts would sometimes involuntarily wander homewards, and institute a comparison between the rugged face of nature in this desolate region, and the livelier aspect of the happy land which we had left behind us." P. 124.

At six, the beat was made to their divisions; the people went to their supper, and the officers to their tea; and the rest of the evening, till bed-time, was passed in dancing or singing, or such games as they could contrive for their amusement.

The return of each day (if any part of the twenty-four hours could properly be so called) was always decidedly marked by a considerable twilight about noon; so much so, that by turning the book to the south, the smallest print could be read without difficulty. There was usually, in clear weather, a beautiful arch of bright red light overspreading the southern horizon for an hour or two before and after noon; and when the night came, the reflection from the snow and the brightness of the moon was at all times sufficient to prevent any thing like that gloomy darkness which is experienced in our climate.

At the beginning of January, the quantity of snow which had fallen was so small, that its general depth on shore did not exceed one or two inches. But about this time, symptoms of the scurvy began to appear among the men: they were slight, and quickly removed by some mustard and cress which Capt. Parry raised in his cabin, by placing some mould in small shallow boxes fixed near the stoves; in six or seven days a crop was raised, which, except that it was colourless, possessed all the properties of the vegetable, and almost immediately removed the disorder. A curious incident, which we shall give in Capt. Parry's own words, also occurred about this time.

"It had been remarked, that a white setter dog belonging to Mr. Beverly had left the Griper for several nights past at the same time, and had regularly returned after some hours' absence. As the day-light increased, we had frequent opportunities of seeing him in company with a she-wolf, with whom he kept up an almost daily intercourse for several weeks, till at length he returned no more to the ships; having either lost his way by rambling to too great a distance, or what is more likely, perhaps, been destroyed by the male wolves. Some time after, a large dog of mine,

which was also getting into the habit of occasionally remaining absent for some time, returned on board a good deal lacerated and covered with blood, having, no doubt, maintained a severe encounter with a male wolf, whom we traced to a considerable distance by the tracks on the snow. An old dog, of the Newfoundland breed, that we had on board the Hecla, was also in the habit of remaining out with the wolves for a day or two together; and we frequently watched them keeping company on the most friendly terms." P. 136.

The 3rd of February was a beautifully clear day, and at twenty minutes before apparent noon, the sun was seen from the Hecla's main-top; and we can easily imagine the emotions with which the re-appearance of the glorious luminary must have been hailed. In a few days the men could see to work till four o'clock, and preparations commenced for re-equipping the ships. The return of the sun, however, did not bring with it a more genial season; but, on the contrary, the coldest time of the year was now approaching, and still greater precautions against frost-bites became necessary. A remarkable phenomenon attending the extreme cold, was the distance at which sounds could be heard. They could hear each other speak, in a common tone of voice, frequently at the distance of a mile. Another curious fact is the distance to which the smoke crept horizontally along the ground: it was met at the distance of two miles from the ships, and so little dispersed, that in passing through it, it was difficult to breathe.

In the beginning of March, the weather, which had been for some weeks almost intolerably cold, began to relax; on the 6th it had got up to Zero, and on the 7th the thermometer in the sun was as high as 34°. They found that the thickness of the ice in which the ships were imbedded, when the depth of water was 4¼ fathoms, was 6½ feet, and the snow on its surface 8 inches. Symptoms of thaw began now to appear, and on the 30th the thermometer stood at freezing, or, as they would call it, thawing point—a temperature which the men thought so like summer-heat, that they were for throwing off their winter clothing. On the 12th they saw a ptarmigan, an event which to men who were waiting on tip-toe for the return of more open weather, was like the news of a victory. The men now recommenced their field sports. A garden was attempted, but, except peas which came to leaf, their efforts that way were unsuccessful. The land once more began to appear through the snow; they filled a bottle of water from a pool produced by the warmth of the sun; and, encouraged by these appearances, an excursion into the interior was pro-

jected. The party consisted of twelve, and took with them provisions for three weeks; but they met with nothing to reward their labour. They saw some ducks, some ptarmigan, a rein-deer, a musk ox, met with six huts of Esquimaux: but nothing occurred which *might* not have been seen from "Winter Harbour."

A few mosquitoes began now to appear; some rein-deer approached the ships; a seal was seen; some hares and partridges and a golden plover also gave symptoms that the pulse of nature was again beginning to beat. Gradually the weather became still finer, and in the middle of June they were able to gather sorrel in great abundance. A handsome purple flower, called the *saxifraga oppositofolia*, the poppy (*papaver medicaule*,) and some other plants also now were coming into flower. But no symptoms of the breaking up of the ice had yet been observed, until the 26th, when in shore near Winter Harbour, Lieut. Beechey reported that there was water enough to allow a boat to pass; and Lieut. Hoppner reported that in another part of the island, the ice was beginning to move in the offing.

Early in July, the dissolution of the ice began rapidly to take place; the average thickness of it did not now exceed two feet; the boats were brought down to the beach, and the process of thawing was accelerated by the torrents of melted snow which began to flow into the harbour from the land. On the 10th rain fell. By the 16th the snow had entirely disappeared, and the weather was, to the feelings of the men, just like summer, says Capt. Parry, in any other climate.

The thermometer varied from 50 to 60°. On the 24th the north shore of the harbour was so free from ice, that the sails were bent and the ships made ready to sail at a moment's warning, and on the 26th they moved nearly three quarters of a mile; at length, on the 31st, the whole body of ice in the harbour was perceived to be in motion, and on the 1st of August, after having been imprisoned ten months, the ships weighed; they sailed out of the harbour, with feelings which it is easy to conceive, but which Capt. Parry does not attempt to describe.

We are now going back in the same stream of the narrative, if we may be allowed the expression, as that through which we carried the reader in the beginning of our article; and as the incidents are all of them of the same character, we shall abridge this part of our analysis. It was found upon an examination of the provisions, that there remained sufficient to last till the 30th of November, 1821. The ships were as

effective as when they left England. The health of the crews, both officers and men, perfectly good. But the fuel and lime-juice were insufficient to last beyond a much shorter period, and under these circumstances, after a council of the officers, it was determined to run along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in order to look out for an opening that might lead to the American Continent, and that failing, a resolution was to be adopted, of returning at once to England.

The ships now returned into Baffin's Bay, and the only incident of any curiosity which occurs in the remainder of the volume, is to be found in the account which is given of the intercourse of the crews with some Esquimaux Indians. The party of them which they met with, were in an inlet, called the river Clyde. They came on board without any hesitation, and what with the astonishment which the objects around them created in their minds, and what with the delight they felt at the trinkets and presents which they received, they vociferated their joy in such loud and incessant ejaculations, joined with leaping and jumping, that they became at last quite hoarse and exhausted with gratitude and admiration. One of them, an old man, was induced to sit for his picture to Lieut. Beechey.

He was accordingly placed on a stool near the fire, and sat for more than an hour with very tolerable composure and steadiness, considering that a barter for their clothes, spears, and whalebone, was going on at the same time near him. He was, indeed, kept quiet by the presents which were given him from time to time; and when this failed, and he became impatient to move, I endeavoured to remind him that we wished him to keep his position, by placing my hands before me, holding up my head, and assuming a grave and demure look. We now found that the old gentleman was a mimic, as well as a very good-natured and obliging man; for, whenever I did this, he always imitated me in such a manner as to create considerable diversion among his own people, as well as ours, and then very quietly kept his seat. While he was sitting for his picture, the other three stood behind him, bartering their commodities with great honesty, but in a manner which shewed them to be no strangers to traffic. If, for instance, a knife was offered for any article, they would hesitate for a short time, till they saw we were determined to give no higher price, and then at once consented to the exchange. In this case, as well as when any thing was presented to them, they immediately licked it twice with their tongues, after which they seemed to consider the bargain satisfactorily concluded. The youngest of the party very modestly kept behind the others, and, before he was observed to have done so, missed several presents, which his less diffident, though not importunate, companions

had received. As the night closed in, they became desirous to depart, and they left us before dark, highly delighted with their visit." P. 277.

They appeared, indeed, in all their transactions with the men of the ships to be an honest, civil, and intelligent race of people, full of merriment, and with a curiosity quite alive to every thing that was new and uncommon; and, our author tells us, with an evident discrimination in favour of what was *useful* in preference to what was simply ornamental.

In return for the confidence which they had placed in our men, by coming on board the ships, it was proposed to return the visit. As soon as our people arrived within sight of their tents, every living animal, men, women, children, and dogs, hastened out to meet them. There were four men and as many women, besides seven children. Immediately an intercourse of barter having commenced, our people purchased a canoe, a sledge, a dog, and one or two articles of inferior value. The height of the men was from five feet four inches to five feet six inches. In the younger people the face is round and plump and the skin smooth, and resemble very much honest John Sackheuse, whom some of our readers may recollect, as having accompanied Capt. Ross home from the former expedition, and whom Capt. Parry tells us, "was sincerely lamented by all who knew him, as an intelligent amiable man, and a *valuable member of society*."

But our readers will be curious to have an account of the beauty of the females. We have seen that our dogs fell in love with the she wolves in Melville Island, and therefore we need be the less surprised that our men were generally smitten with the charms of the Esquimaux.

"The grown-up females measured from four feet ten to four feet eleven inches. The features of the two youngest were regular; their complexions clear, and by no means dark; their eyes small, black, and piercing; teeth beautifully white and perfect; and although the form of their faces is round and chubby, and their noses rather flat than otherwise, their countenances might, perhaps, be considered pleasing even according to the ideas of beauty which habit has taught us to entertain. Their hair, which is jet-black, hangs down long and loose about their shoulders, a part of it on each side being carelessly plaited, and sometimes rolled up into an awkward lump, instead of being neatly tied on the top of the head, as the Esquimaux women in most other parts are accustomed to wear it. The youngest female had much natural bashfulness and timidity, and we consider her to be the only unmarried

one, as she differed from the other three in not being tattoed upon the face." P. 282.

Belonging to this little colony were about fifty dogs, remarkably wild and wolfish in their appearance; but the most remarkable thing about them is their love of dress. An old dog, though regularly fed while on board, and therefore with no excuse to plead from hunger, had the vanity to eat up, with great avidity, a clean cotton pocket-handkerchief, which one of the men had just washed and laid by his side; part of a check shirt, and a large piece of canvass. After this we need not wonder to hear that when a bird was given him, he swallowed it whole, feathers and all.

Judging from the number of children and the abundance of sea-horses and seals, which were found concealed under stones, it was evident that the means of subsistence were abundant; and they were not altogether without the comforts and conveniences of life. But their cleanliness and decency of behaviour, and above all the unexceptionable honesty of this little colony, were so superior to what our author had observed in his former intercourse with the Esquimaux, that he seems to think they were rather above the average level of their race in point of civilization. Considering the insulated way in which these people live, it is easy to suppose a great difference in respect to cultivation and intelligence, as well as other circumstances, between different families.

Having quitted the river Clyde and gotten free from the ice nothing farther happened during the voyage home, to distinguish it from any ordinary passage. At the end of the volume Capt. Parry enters into a short speculation concerning the probability of ultimate success in the endeavour to find a north-west passage. On the existence of such a passage it seems hardly reasonable to entertain any doubt, though its practicability may perhaps be not absolutely certain. The season of navigation in those seas does not exceed seven weeks; and Capt. Parry seems to think the latitude in which they wintered too high. Instead of endeavouring to find a passage through Lancaster Sound, he recommends an attempt being made through Cumberland Strait, or near Southampton Island in Hudson's Bay, where the latitude is much lower and nearly on the same parallel, as that in which it is reasonable to suppose that the coast of America will be found to lie. But the best chance of success, he conjectures, would be found through Behring's Straits, were it not for the length of the voyage, and the danger to the health of the crews, from the sudden transition to so cold a climate from the warm climate

of the Indian seas. In a commercial point of view, the expense which the country has incurred, has already been more than overpaid by the success which has attended the whale fisheries, since it has been discovered that the western coast of Baffin's Bay is navigable during this season of the year. Not a nook remains in Baffin's Bay that has not been visited by our whalers last season, and the success of the fishery was beyond example of any preceding year.

We cannot close the volume without paying our tribute of gratitude and praise to Capt. Parry and the brave and enterprising men under his command. Of these last it is impossible to speak in too high terms of commendation; and Capt. Parry does them justice. Their cheerfulness, sobriety, discipline, patient endurance of fatigue and hardship, were such as we confidently believe, would hardly be found among any class of men but British seamen. With respect to Capt. Parry himself, the success of his voyage, the health of his crew, their evident confidence in his ability and their attachment to his person, are the best testimonials to his character. But the work before us speaks hardly less unequivocally in his praise. The unaffected modesty with which he almost omits all mention of himself, and the alacrity with which he seems to appreciate the services of all his officers, bespeak his character. The style of the work is plain and perspicuous, and what it ought to be; the details into which he is forced to enter, detract perhaps from the general liveliness of the narrative; but this was obviously the fault of his subject; the work will certainly allow of abridgment with advantage, though we should have been sorry not to have had the whole of the particulars before us; when abridged, however, it will contain materials for a very popular and entertaining work.

ART. IV. *A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples. By the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven. To which is subjoined a Sketch of the immediate Circumstances attending the late Revolution.* 4to. pp. 462. Rodwell and Martin, 1821.

IF it followed as a necessary consequence that travellers who chuse roads little trodden, must, therefore, to a certainty, see things worth seeing, Mr. Craven's book would be highly

entertaining; but the consequence is by no means necessary, as this same book abundantly demonstrates; and therefore it is not to be wondered at that his tour exhibits no very striking attraction.

In April, 1818, Mr. Craven left Naples, on the road to Benevento. Between Arienzo and Arpaia is the generally supposed site of the Caudine Forks; but a friend of Mr. Craven, (Mr. Gandy) in a memoir printed in this volume, assigns the disputed position to a valley between Airola, and St. Agata dei Goti. We shall not attempt to decide the controversy, but we hope Mr. Gandy is more correct in his topographical, than he is in his historical recollections. The Roman soldiers were sufficiently disgraced by their capitulation with the Samnites; they were stripped, insulted, and sent under the yoke, *inermes cum singulis vestimentis sub jugum missi*, but the "scourging," which Mr. Gandy adds to their other ignominy, is purely imaginary, at least as far as Livy is concerned. Mr. Craven himself we think is far more correct in denying the claim of Equus Tuticus to be the Horatian *oppidulum quod versu dicere non est*. Whether Equus Tuticus be Ariano, as most geographers make it, or Scotuccio, as Pratillus asserts, we know not; but unless Horace trod back his steps unnecessarily from Trivicum, he could not get to either. Apulia might readily furnish more *amousaic* towns than one; and whatever be the common-parlance name of this in question, its site must clearly be that which D'Anville assigns (between Ascoli and Canosa,) under its vituperative title.

It is in this neighbourhood that some years back the banditti, for which it is infamous, seized the *Procaccio*, a sort of mail cart, conveying from Naples to the principal town in the province of Basilicata, the paraphernalia of a newly established court of justice. The outlaws arrayed themselves in the robes and wigs of law, and going through the judicial forms of a mock trial, with which from experience most of them were well acquainted, they pronounced sentence of death upon the first unhappy traveller who fell into their hands; and too soon had an opportunity of completing their savage sport by this refinement on wanton murder.

At Lucera, as elsewhere throughout Italy, where so often

"Pan to Moses lends his borrowed horn,"

the chapel of the *Madonna della Spica* stands with great propriety on the remains of a temple of Ceres. At Foggia, the next stage, Mr. Craven witnessed the destruction of a celebrated band of brigands, the Vardarelli, who having laid

their vicinity under contribution for a great length of time, had been bought off by the police, which sought in vain to controul them. Under this compromise they formed a regular corps, and engaged to secure the provinces which they themselves had ravaged, from the intrusion of any thieves who did not belong to its soil. A quarrel arose in the streets of Foggia between these ruffians and the commandant under whose orders they were to be marshalled; four only leaped on their horses and escaped.

"Anotner portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which having only one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time: the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others, who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedy a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions, with their hands tied, to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them that if they persevered in a resistance, which from the local nature of their retreat must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice, as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned, and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours afterwards, the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies, covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands." P. 57.

Mr. Craven had received at Benevento a letter of introduction to one of these bandits, which might have been useful if he had fallen into their hands. The person to whom it was addressed, before his entrance upon his lawless profession, had been employed on a farm of the writer of the letter; and had on many occasions shewn a friendly feeling towards his former master. Mr. Craven saw the dead body of this individual among those of his fallen companions.

Manfredonia is a handsome town, with five or six thousand inhabitants. It is asserted that no woman above the age of forty is to be seen in it; and this early mortality is attributed to the neighbourhood of the Sipontine marshes. Its cleanliness is particularly striking. One of the houses in a small street exhibited a most attractive neatness; when its single door was

thrown open, a wall of spotless whitewash, relieved by some pictures in handsome frames, a well polished chest of drawers, and above all, a large bed covered with linen of the most dazzling purity, were the pride of its inhabitants. But alas! these were but the frill and ruffles of a bodiless shirt; "they every morning made up their beds with a pair of fine sheets, which being again removed at night were never destined to be slept in."

The acme of an English curate's ambition is a single cow: far happier is the Canonico de L. In his country seat near Foggia he displayed the multifold produce of his extensive dairies in all the alluring varieties which milk can assume. Give us these fresh *latticinii* and all the *vino vecchio* of the south may be the portion of the laity. Who can be expected to listen quietly to such an exquisite recitement! *Ricotte, Giuncate, Provole, Mozzarelle, &c. oh quando licebit!* but we stick to the cow only. Sheep's milk and buffalo cheeses savouring of musk we utterly disclaim.

At Trani Mr. Craven dined at a private house.

"After we had sat down to table, a young woman, the married daughter of the mistress of the house, was sent for to come and take her place: her appearance would have been pleasing, but for the singular colour, for it was more than paleness, which overspread her features, and which I can only compare to the lightest shade of lilac, the effect of which was considerably heightened by a coarse green woollen dress. She appeared weak, and the rest of the family showed her great attention, though unmixed with anxiety, by recommending particular dishes to her, and advising against others. She left the table before the rest of the company; and on my observing that she seemed in a precarious state of health, I was informed that she was not unwell, but had been brought to bed the preceding evening." P. 91.

Bari produces some excellent things, first its *Rosolio* or *Aqua Stomachica*; which like all other cordials, from the Balm of Gilead to Maraschino, derives its fame for medicinal qualities chiefly from its agreeableness to the palate. Secondly, the Manna of St. Nicholas, for which Mr. Craven himself is able to vouch. The Saint's body rests under the altar of a subterraneous church. The precious remains float in a liquid which is believed to distill from them, and of this, which is a remedy for all disorders, Mr. Craven, though a heretic, was permitted to taste. Besides this wonder-working carcase, there is a miraculous pillar in the church, which this same Saint changed from wood into iron. But it does not always require canonization to effect

these metamorphoses. An Archbishop in the neighbouring cathedral has changed a verd antique column into plain stucco, taking care before the nucleus was whitewashed to have it well scraped, that the plaister might adhere more securely to its surface.

A whimsical mistake, which occurred at Brindisi, is related by Mr. Craven with much point and good humour. He was requested to visit the Abbess of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and some of her sisterhood at the grate of her convent.

"I complied; and after a conversation, in the short course of which joy at seeing me, respect towards my person, and gratitude to my family, were declared in the most extraordinary terms, I was intreated to go round to the exterior gate, and accept of some refreshments. I found from my host, and the Sott' Intendente of the town, who were my companions, that I could not decline accepting this civility. In my way to the gate, the unexpected cordiality of this reception was explained to me by the information that this convent derived its foundation from the illustrious house of Bavaria, and that as the heir-apparent to that kingdom had lately been expected at Brindisi to embark for Greece, it was probable that the Abbess had taken the first stranger she had perhaps ever seen in her life for the royal personage to whose progenitors the whole community owed such unqualified reverence and gratitude. On my rejoining the good sisters in the outward court of their monastery, into which they invited me to enter, my first care was to undeceive them, and apologise for having involuntarily accepted of honours due to rank so much superior to my own. Though evidently much disappointed, their kindness did not abate, and the coffee and cakes which they had prepared were distributed to us with great civility by the young pensionaries, who received their education in this nunnery, and whose beauty and unaffected manners were equally attractive. Having understood that I had the honour of being acquainted with the prince whom they had so anxiously expected, they loaded me with inquiries relative to him, and appeared much satisfied with the manner in which I answered them. After this I took my leave, as it was almost dark." P. 156.

On the following morning he was again summoned to the same convent, and discovered that his non compliance would give great offence.

"We found the outward gate open, and had scarcely passed the threshold when the Abbess and the elder portion of the community rushed from the inner court, and led, I may almost say dragged me into the cloisters, calling upon my astonished companions to follow, as it was a day of exultation for the monastery, and all rules and regulations should be dispensed with. It was evident that the splendour of royalty once again shone on my brow, and that notwith-

standing my wish to preserve the strictest incognito, the distinctions and honours due to the blood of Otho of Wittelsbach must, in this instance at least, be rendered to his descendant, in spite of his assumed humility." P. 157.

Here the pseudo prince was presented with flowers from unnumbered pensionaries, who perpetually squabbled for precedence in kissing his hands. All his renunciations were met with an incredulous smile, and indubitable proofs of his royal descent were adduced from the internal evidence of the air of dignity which he in vain attempted to conceal, the visible emotion which he exhibited on beholding the arms and pictures of his ancestors, and his constantly speaking Italian though he pretended to be English. After various useless protestations he was conducted to

"A minute examination of the whole monastery, beginning with the belfry, to which I was conducted by the pious sisterhood, singing a Latin hymn of exultation. I had scarcely put my head into it when a sudden explosion, for I can give it no other term, took place of all the bells, set in motion by the pensionaries who had preceded us; after which I was successively led to the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, Abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly, the sacristy, where I was desired to rest. I looked round to implore the aid and compassion of my followers when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown. Here I again manifested some symptoms of rebellion, but found it necessary to stifle them, when the opening of several large cases informed me that a display of all the relics was going to take place. These were numerous, and, as I was informed, chiefly the gifts of my great grandfather when the convent was endowed, though several had been since sent by my less distant progenitors." P. 159.

The vicar soon afterwards joined the scene, and lavished a chorus of praises upon the incognito, in which the title of Majesty was very frequently repeated. The royal visitor was then regaled with coffee, rosolio, brandy, and cakes; his pockets were filled with oranges and lemons, among which, to his great consternation, he afterwards discovered a pair of cotton stockings, and two pair of woollen gloves.

A still farther trial awaited his patience, for he was hurried to another convent of Benedictine Nuns, under the immediate protection of the vicar, and lastly, as he mounted his horse, the commandant.

"With a solemnity of tone and audibility of voice, calculated to produce the deepest impression on a crowd of about 500 persons assembled round my horses, informed me, that he had hitherto spared

my feelings and controlled his own, by avoiding to intrude upon the privacy which I was desirous of assuming, but at the moment of parting he felt justified in giving vent to a public declaration of the sentiments of veneration and respect which he entertained for my family, and those of gratitude he should ever cherish for the truly dignified condescension with which I had treated him. I was speechless, and scarcely collected enough to listen to the conclusion of his harangue, which informed me that he had communicated a telegraphic account of my arrival to the commandant of the district, and would now transmit a similar notification of my departure to the commander-in-chief, to whom he trusted I would express my satisfaction of his conduct. The last words concluded with a genuflexion, and a kiss respectfully imprinted on my hand, while I hastily mounted my horse, and hurried from this scene of ludicrous torment, which, however, it was decreed should not terminate here; for on looking about me as I quitted the town-gate, I beheld my host and the Sotto Intendente on horseback on each side of me, and found that this singular infatuation had extended its power over their minds, and that they were determined to accompany me as far as Mesagne, and thereby leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on my exalted rank." P. 161.

His persecutors replied to every remonstrance with one single formula, "*Altezza e inutile;*" and if one had not been drunk, and the other a bad horseman, he would have had no chance of escaping from their troublesome civilities till the conclusion of his day's journey.

At Manduria, a new temporary alarm was occasioned by the lady of the house at which Mr. Craven was entertained, giving him to understand soon after his arrival, that she was well aware of the superiority of his rank, but that she had promised her husband and family to affect that ignorance which was known to be most agreeable to the illustrious traveller's wishes. We remember an Austrian nobleman of high rank, who underwent a similar series of honours not long since, in Ireland, where the Lord Mayor of Dublin entertained him as an incognito Archduke; nor was the sagacious magistrate undeceived, in spite of the unfortunate guest's remonstrances, till the arrival of his Imperial Highness *de facto*, compelled a renewal of the fêtes and ceremonials.

In one of the Chœrades, off Taranto, is a fort called after the infamous Laclos. This wretch, who under a feigned name, is the hero of his own novels, and who perpetrated still greater enormities than those which he has had the audacity to record, was a distinguished engineer officer, and is buried at Taranto within the lines of a fortification planned

and constructed under his superintendance. The cathedral here is dedicated to the first Bishop, St. Cabaldo, a native of Raphoe in Ireland; a part of whose great-toe is still preserved under glass in a silver image, as *il vero tesoro*. The effect of the bite of the Tarantula spider, and its cure, is treated by Mr. Craven as dependent upon imagination, and apparently with justice. At Brindisi it was said that not a year passes without affording more than one example of this mania, and that persons superior to the middling classes have been compelled to have recourse to the musical specific. At Taranto it is unknown, unless among the females of the labouring peasantry, for the most part young and ignorant persons who have been excited by previous exhibitions of the *Tarantismo*. Even with these the loud words and the cudgel of a churlish husband have latterly proved the most powerful exorcist.

The following occurence clearly illustrates a well known passage in Horace *, which, if we recollect right, has given some trouble to his addle-pated commentators.

"I returned to Gerace by one of those moonlights which are known only in these latitudes, and which no pen or pencil can pourtray. My path lay along some corn-fields, in which the natives were employed in the last labours of the harvest, and I was not a little surprised to find myself saluted with a volley of opprobrious epithets and abusive language, uttered in the most threatening voice, and accompanied by the most insulting gestures. This extraordinary custom is of the most remote antiquity, and observed towards all strangers during the harvest and vintage seasons; those who are apprised of it will keep their temper as well as their presence of mind, as the loss of either would not only serve as a signal for louder invectives, but prolong a contest in which success would be as hopeless as undesirable." P. 287.

Calabria seems to have impressed Mr. Craven's mind strongly, both by its natural beauties and its capabilities. Corn, wine, and oil, are produced in it in abundance. The sugar cane once flourished on its coast. Timber, much of it well adapted to ship-building, plentifully covers its mountains. A variety of metals are to be found in its bowels. Rock-salt of the purest quality, chalk, limestone, and potters' clay are among its geological treasures. Its seas are stocked largely with all kinds of fish. Its pastures are rich

* Tum Prænestinus salso multoque fluenti
Expressa arbusto regerit convicia, durus
Vindemiator, et invictus, cui sæpe viator
Cessisset, magnâ compellans voce cucullum. Serm. I. vii. 28.

and extensive. Its marshes teem with wild fowl, and its forests with game. Against these advantages are to be balanced the want of good ports, and the ravages of *malaria;* the first, Mr. Craven thinks, might be remedied by the establishment of good inland communications, which strikes us, however, to be an odd provision for ships in a storm; and the second would probably diminish with the increase of population, and the introduction of culture; two events which *may* take place some day; but which we fear would not be caused by replacing Calabria on *an equality* only with the rest of Italy.

Maccaroni (without cheese), is one of the luxuries to which, maugre any imputation of *gourmandize*, we always hope to aspire; but we doubt how far the Neapolitan mode of dressing it would suit our palates. Crispness is its essential requisite; consequently it must be underdone. It is thrown into boiling water for a few minutes, and afterwards seasoned with butter, gravy, oil, spices, tomatas, and sugar, according to separate tastes, "but the most abject Lazzaro would reject it with disgust, if it betrayed in its substance the smallest approach to softness or pastiness by breaking." Two-pence is enough to procure a desirable saturation with this most delicious food.

The method by which Naples is supplied with ice is ingenious.

"Another promontory separates Vico from Castellamare, situated under the highest portion of the range of mountains which border the bay of Naples. One peak in particular, called St. Angelo, is higher than Vesuvius, and among the deep clefts on its sides the snow lies all the year. This spot is in fact the ice-house which supplies the capital with this article of indispensable necessity during the whole year. It is merely swept into some large natural caves, from which it is afterwards extracted as occasion requires. The mode of transporting it from these lofty heights is as simple as it is singular and expeditious. Several long ropes are strained in a sloping direction from point to point till they reach the sea-shore. The bundles of hardened snow, carefully packed in dead leaves, and confined within faggots of brushwood, are suspended on these lines by means of a crooked stick, and their own weight impels them downwards with incredible velocity. A boy is stationed at every angle, whose task is to shift each bundle from one rope to the other, while the last brings them down to the boats, which wait in readiness the whole day to receive and convey them directly to Naples. The space of a few minutes will suffice for this aerial journey, which by any other mode of conveyance would employ some hours, as the mountain paths are of perilous steepness and difficulty." P. 398.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Vesuvius are reckoned very hasty and sanguinary. This disposition has been attributed to the volcanic soil and atmosphere in which they live; but it is more probably owing to the large quantities of heating wine which they consume. Lord Rochester palliated his extravagances by assuring Bishop Burnet that for five years of his life he was continually drunk; and yet we doubt whether Lord Rochester ever finished five bottles of wine a day, which is said to be the common allowance of a Vesuvian labourer during the summer months. Scarce a week passes in consequence of this excess without a murder; and from the ill arrangements of the local jurisdictions the perpetrator generally escapes. The spot in which the murdered body is usually deposited, borders upon the different territories of Somma, Ottaiano, and Nola, and perpetual disputes arise between the magistrates of these three towns. The superstition of the neighbourhood has peopled the scene of homicide with every variety of Cacodœmon, and as soon as the shades of evening set in it is thronged with "men without heads, jack asses with fiery ears, pale horses bestrode by hellish monsters, sculls grinning out of hollow trees, huge bears, gigantic women, and dwarfish priests with large brimmed hats."

The bubble of the Neapolitan Revolution (in which it is difficult to determine whether the folly, the bad faith, and the cowardice of those who attempted, or the sottishness of those who admired it was most ridiculous) has too completely burst, to make it necessary for us to notice Mr. Craven's very simple and lucid account of its progress. But we must say a few words respecting the fall of Murat. We believe Murat not to have been overwise, and certainly to have been no ordinary coxcomb; but the adage

"Dat veniam milvis vexat censura columbas,"

never was more fully verified than in the opposite fates of him and of Bonaparte; and thus far, as comparatively unoffending, the ex-king of Naples deserves our pity. Having in vain attempted to raise the inhabitants of *il Pizzo*, at which place he landed, in his favour, he next tried to gain the vessel which had brought him thither. Some shots were fired with effect as he pushed off from shore in a fishing boat, and he instantly surrendered. As he was hurried to the castle he suffered gross indignities from the populace, and a woman, whose son had been executed as a bandit under his orders, some years before, is said to have torn one of his whiskers from his cheek in revenge. He passed the

first night in a wretched cell, but his accommodations afterwards were improved. A telegraphic despatch had communicated to Naples the intelligence of his descent, and the same mode ordered a military commission to proceed immediately to his judgment. On the fifth day after his landing his sentence was executed.

"The fortress in which he was shut up is of very small dimensions; on a platform which extends over the first story, two parallel walls form a kind of uncovered corridor of about twelve paces in length, terminating in a parapet towards the sea. He stood with his back against this, and having himself given the signal, received the fire of the soldiers placed at the opposite extremity, and fell with his head against the door of a room in which all the officers who had accompanied him were at the time confined. His body was immediately buried in the principal church in the town, an edifice towards the restoration of which he had, in a former passage through Calabria, given 2000 ducats. The vault which contains his remains is marked by some boards let into the pavement." P. 325.

Eight months before his fall Mr. Craven had seen him "revelling in the full wantonness of absolute power," in a court which he had made the most brilliant in Europe. And more than once Mr. Craven had heard him express his conviction that he should receive his death by a musquet-shot. We shall only add the just reflection which suggests itself to the Narrator, that the last moments of the dethroned usurper must have been embittered by a recollection of the similar execution over which, by a singular coincidence, himself had presided within the walls of Vincennes.

ART. V. *Table-Talk; or Original Essays. By William Hazlitt.* 8vo. 400 pp. 14s. Warren. 1821.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY is the most difficult, and the most dangerous of all compositions; and he is a wise man who steers completely clear of it. But characters may sometimes arise of such manifest importance to the world, to their country, or to themselves, that the noble daring which plunges them into the hazards of egotism, is not only to be justified, but even to be admired. They become the Codri and Decii of literary warfare, and swell the glorious catalogue of self-devoted victims to an honourable cause. Precisely of this class is Mr. Hazlitt: he has forseen his chance of dying

"Unwept, unknown, without a Poet's verse;"

and been pity-struck with the loss which posterity must endure if he should be thus utterly extinguished: doubting moreover whether any one else would be willing or, possibly, competent to relate with due effect, certain matters touching his own life and opinions, he has boldly determined to record them himself: not openly and avowedly indeed (like Moll Flanders and Jonathan Wild) in the received form of birth, parentage, education, amours, adventures and confessions, but under the modest disguise of Original Essays. So that by dexterously leading his readers' attention among other subjects, to "Paradox and Common-place" "Vulgarity and Affectation," he has by a side wind, as it were, taken occasion to introduce the great outlines of his own character: framing with no little ingenuity a series of *idio-psychological* memoirs, under the appearance of very general disquisition.

In this respect he reminds us of Montaigne: not that for one moment does he in any other way partake of resemblance to that most exquisite and delightful writer, the frank, the joyous, and inexhaustible old Gascon, who pours himself body and soul into his Essays, and whose very heart's blood seems to filter from his pen, whether he treats of "Cato" or of "Cicero," of "coaches" or of "cannibals." Montaigne omits no opportunity of speaking of himself; no more in good truth does Mr. Hazlitt; but that which Montaigne speaks, and that which Mr. Hazlitt speaks, we solemnly declare upon our honours, in order to do justice to both parties, has nothing whatsoever in common.

Now the kindest office, as we imagine, which we can do for Mr. Hazlitt is to pick him out of his envelope, just as we would rout a grub from his snug lodging in his coccoon. We shall throw together as much of himself as we can elicit from the coil which he has woven round, and by uncasing the hero from his masquerade habit, we shall try to exhibit him *in puris naturalibus*, such as he really is. His opinions thus nakedly displayed, and stripped of all not immediately necessary appendages of drapery, will enable an admiring world to form an adequate estimate of his comprehension, his acquirements, his judgment, his tastes, and his principles; all which we think are adjusted in the nicest equilibrium.

Most readers of this work will probably be in unison with the tone in which it commences in the Essay, "On the pleasure of painting:" "I have not much pleasure," says Mr. Hazlitt, "in writing these Essays, nor in reading them afterwards. After I begin them, I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see

my way a page or a line beforehand." (P. 5.) On this account, and also because "a picture is a bright vision made from a dead dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe," (which bubble we would give a shilling a piece to see) he prefers painting to writing. These are excellent good reasons, and relying upon them, Mr. Hazlitt has been induced to paint a great deal. Once he tried to paint the head of "an old woman the upper part of her face shadowed by her bonnet;" and this cost him "numberless sittings." He has it by him still, and sometimes (good, simple man!) looks at it "with surprise to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose." Again he painted his father, an old gentleman "with strong marked features and scarred with the small pox," (there is no frontispiece of Mr. Hazlitt's head prefixed to this volume). In the chronology of this great work the artist is, as he ought to be, most laudably and elaborately precise. "I finished this portrait (*or another afterwards*) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came. *I walked out in the afternoon*, and as I returned saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again." Surely this sensibility must touch even the most phlegmatic reader; and none can be dead to the natural manner in which the battle, the walk, the star, the poor man, the cottage, the thoughts, and the feelings are introduced by the story of this portrait, which we are right glad to hear was exhibited at Somerset House, and "hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington, (now Sir George.")

A short time afterwards Mr. Hazlitt went to see the Orleans Gallery in Pall Mall, and there wonderful things occurred to him; "a mist passed away from his sight: the scales fell off; a new sense came upon him; a new heaven, and a new earth stood before him. He saw the soul speaking in the face;" next he read the Provoked Husband with "a woody landscape of Ruysdael or Hobbima just before him, at which he looked off now and then;"—then he borrowed a catalogue of the Louvre in which "the pictures and the names of the painters seemed to relish in his mouth." Of statues he says nothing, "for he knows little of sculpture, and never liked any till he saw the Elgin marbles," but in respect to the Louvre, he sometimes dreams of being there again and not finding the old pictures, or finding them changed and faded "he cries himself awake." This must be rather troublesome.

Mr. Hazlitt has "but little imagination." He was once

"applied to, in a delicate emergency, to write an article on a difficult subject for an Encyclopedia, and was advised to take time and give it a systematic and scientific form, to avail myself of all the knowlege that was to be obtained on the subject, and arrange it with clearness and method. I made answer that as to the first I had taken time to do all that I ever pretended to do, as I had thought incessantly on different matters for twenty years of my life; that I had no particular knowledge of the subject in question, and no head for arrangement; and that the utmost I could do in such a case would be, when a systematic and scientific article was prepared, to write marginal notes upon it, to insert a remark or illustration of my own (not to be found in former Encyclopedias) or to suggest a better definition than had been offered in the text." P. 105.

He thinks Cobbett "one of the best writers in the language;" that "nothing could be better than his pestering Erskine year after year, with his second title of Baron Clackmannan;" and that none but "puny common-place critics," can call him vulgar. Mr. Hazlitt very often tries "to get at the germ of an original idea; to dig it out of the hidden recesses of thought and nature, and bring it half-ashamed, struggling, and deformed into the day; to give words and intelligible symbols to that which was never imagined or expressed before." (p. 146.) He believes that "any one who has passed through the regular forms of a classical education, and is not made a fool by it, may consider himself as having a very narrow escape;" that a mediocrity of talent and a certain *slenderness of moral constitution*, (Qu?) is the soil that produces the most splendid specimens of successful prize essayists, and Greek epigrammatists," and he asks

"What actual benefit do we reap from the writings of a Laud or a Whitgift, or of Bishop Bull or Bishop Waterland, or Prideaux' Connexions, or Beausobre, or Calmet, or St. Augustine, or Puffendorf, or Vattel, or from the more literal but equally learned and unprofitable labours of Scaliger, Cardan, and Scioppius? How many grains of sense are there in their thousand folio or quarto volumes? What would the world lose if they were committed to the flames to morrow?" P. 175.

We answer, nothing at all if Mr. Hazlitt is read and admired. All of a sudden in a fit of humility he deems himself sadly inferior to the Indian Jugglers, because during his whole

life he has been "pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill, and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and not finding them;" really these are odd employments; and if such have been his occupations we cannot wonder that he calls the present Essays so many ugly names, "abortions, errors, ill pieced transitions, crooked reasons, lame conclusions, in which little is made out, and that little ill." Still less are we surprized that though he is "fond of arguing, yet with a good deal of pains and practice it is often as much as he can do to beat his man, though he may be a very indifferent hand."

On the 18th or 19th of January, 1821, Mr Hazlitt "had a slight fit of indigestion," and therefore ordered "a partridge to be got ready for his supper," in Winterslow Hut, and sat down to write an Essay "On living to one's-self." In this he informs us that "for many years of his life, he did nothing but think and look at the sky."

"If I was dull, it gave me little concern: if I was lively, I indulged my spirits. I wished well to the world, and believed as favourably of it as I could. I was like a stranger in a foreign land, at which I looked with wonder, curiosity, and delight, without expecting to be an object of attention in return. I had no relations to the state, no duty to perform, no ties to bind me to others: I had neither friend nor mistress, wife or child. I lived in a world of contemplation, and not of action." P. 216.

On another occasion he tells us that he is "sufficiently decided and dogmatical in his opinions," but that in trying "to throw a hat or a book upon a table he misses it; it just reaches the edge, and falls back again, and instead of doing that which he means to perform, he does what he intends to avoid."

We shall by no means injure the following splendid passage by introducing it as a fragment; for we can assure our readers, that it has as much connexion with our own pages as it has with those from which we have transplanted it. We have seldom met with a paragraph in modern literature more sublime or more mysterious.

"Twice has the iron entered my soul. Twice have the dastard, vaunting, venal crew gone over it; once as they went forth, conquering and to conquer, with reason by their side, glittering like a faulchion, trampling on prejudices and marching fearlessly on in the work of regeneration; once again, when they returned with retrograde steps, like Cacus's oxen dragged backward by the heels, to the den of Legitimacy, 'rout on rout, confusion

worse confounded,' with places and pensions and the Quarterly Review dangling from their pockets, and shouting 'Deliverance for mankind,' for 'the worst, the second fall of man.' Yet I have endured all this marching and countermarching of poets, philosophers, and politicians over my head as well as I could, like 'the cammomoil that thrives, the more 'tis trod upon.' By Heavens, I think I'll endure it no longer!" P. 363.

Here we must conclude. If our readers are not yet fully acquainted with Mr. Hazlitt we despair of assisting them farther. If they wish to know more of him we have extracted the essence of his work to little purpose.

ART. VI. *A Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac: or, Cento of Notes and Reminiscences concerning rare, curious, and valuable Books. By William Davis, Author of the Olio of Bibliographical and Literary Anecdotes and Memoranda.* Crown 8vo. pp. 104. Davis. 1821.

MR. DAVIS has put together a very agreeable little manual, which may be read with amusement by the humorist, and yet not be without its use to the solid and more erudite collector. Books of instruction, as every body must acknowledge, are for the most part very dull books; and happy indeed is that writer who can succeed in conveying information in a vehicle which shall not send his reader to sleep. Now we recollect no science which affords less serious instruction, and therefore is more attractive, than this to which Mr. Davis has addressed himself. On this account he possesses a double advantage, for he uses a light pen upon a subject not likely in itself to be particularly weighty.

To be serious, however, we are convinced that there is no more innocent mode of disbursing that superfluity of wealth which every man who possesses it considers himself justified in lavishing upon his peculiar fancies, than in undergoing inoculation with the Bibliomaniac. Horace *, we know, bids us before we spend any thing on ourselves pay the poor's rates; subscribe to the Society for building Churches and Chapels; and leave a legacy to defray a part of the National Debt. Taking it for granted that every member

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* Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm; cur improbe caræ
Non aliquid Patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?—SERM. II. 2. 103.

of the Roxburgh Club has already discharged these great duties, the poet doubtless gives him permission to nod *ad libitum* before the rostra of Messrs. Evans and Saunders, to pile garrets in Pimlico, " with all such reading as was never read;" and to hunt *rums* at every inviting stall from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel.

Quod superest non est melius quo insumere possis.

We can do nothing for Mr. Davis, much as we like his unpretending little book, but steal from it some of its notices of literary treasures. The earliest *Memoria Technica* extant, is a small folio (supposed 1430) " *Ars Memorandi, Notabilis per Figuras Evangelistarum, vel Memoriale Quatuor Evangelistarum*, A method of learning by heart the four Evangelists." The first edition of the Bible is a vulgate in two volumes folio, 1455; and it is believed to be the first book also printed with metal types. The first book printed with a date is *Psalmorum Codex*, by Fust, folio, 1457. The first book printed in the English language, is Wyllyam Caxton's Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, by Raoul le Feure, folio, Colen, 1471. A copy which once belonged to Elizabeth Gray, Edward the IVth's Queen, was bought from the Roxburgh collection, by the Duke of Devonshire for 1060*l.* 18*s.* The first book printed on paper made in England, is *Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, translated into English and printed by Wynkin de Worde, folio 1482. Of Marlowe and Nash's Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage, only two copies are said to exist: one was purchased by Mr. Malone for sixteen guineas, the other by Mr. Reed for eighteen-pence. The extreme prices given for the first edition of Shakspeare are 14*l.* 14*s.* and 121*l.* 16*s.* The difference of condition will account for the great difference of price. A good copy of the third edition is almost as highly prized as one of the first. Six pounds have been given for the " Admirable Voyage and Travell of William Bush, Gentleman, who with his own hands, without any other Men's helpe, made a Pinnace, in which he past by Ayre, Land, and Water, from Lamborne, in Barkshire, to the Custom-House Key in London," quarto 1607; and twelve guineas for " Tom Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five Months' Travels in France, Savoy, Italy, &c. &c." quarto 1611; but then Coryat was, as we are told, of remarkable querity of aspect, he had a head mis-shapen like that of Thersites in Homer, but the cone stood in a different position: the picked part being before. He walked nine hundred miles with one pair of shoes, and got them mended at

Zurich. He spent but three pounds in ten months travel between Aleppo and the Mogul's Court, living reasonably well for two-pence a day. He declared Mahomet to be an impostor in the centre of his worshippers; he delivered an oration in Persian before the Mogul, and he overmatched a notorious Hindostanneè scold in her mother tongue. The book of such a man must be worth having. The story of the Pig-faced Lady, so currently related and occasionally so firmly credited a few years since, seems to have originated with a 4to. pamphlet, printed in 1640, intitled "The Hog-Faced Gentlewoman, called Mistress Tannakin Skinker, who was borne at Wickham, a neuter Toune between the Emperour and the Hollander, scituate on the Rhine, and who can never recover her true shape till she be married. Also relating the cause how her Mother came bewitched. With a Wood-cut of the Lady and her Suiter." It was sold in 1816, for seven guineas and a half. Of Benlowe's Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice, quarto, 1652, it is said the cuts of no two copies are alike. The Col. Townley who was taken at Carlisle, and executed in 1745, was the translator of Hudibras into French; his version is, perhaps, the most extraordinary that ever was attempted in any language; to translate the peculiar and almost national wit of Butler, was a task in which Voltaire himself failed, yet Col. Townley has executed it in a masterly and nearly literal manner, and *He* was an Englishman. A complete collection of the quarto Delphin Classics, in sixty-seven volumes, including both editions of Dictys Cretensis and Pompeius Festus, was bought by the Duke of Norfolk at the Roxburgh sale, for 504*l.*; sixty-one volumes, wanting the Opera Philosophica of Cicero, and the Statius, sold in 1819, for 112 guineas; the single volume of the genuine edition of the Opera Philosophica has brought 59*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*; the Prudentius 16*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and the Statius, in two volumes, 54*l.* 12*s.* The excellent jests of our much-valued friend Joe Miller, are the production of Mr. John Mottley, who died in 1750. He is said to have contributed to the *Devil to Pay*, and he put his name to a Life of the Czar Peter, which we to our cost remember to have read when we were boys, every Bartholomew-tide holidays, for six successive years, and which we can affirm with great solemnity has not one joke in it from beginning to end. Of this gentleman's father Mr. Davis extracts the following amusing anecdote from the *Lives of the Dramatic Writers*, which Mr. Mottley himself is supposed to have compiled.

"'When Colonel Mottley, (our author's father) who was a

great favourite with King James II. came over on a secret expedition from the abdicated Monarch, the government, who had by some means intelligence of it, were very diligent in their endeavours to have him seized. The Colonel, however, was happy enough to elude their search, but several other persons were at different times seized through mistake for him. Among the rest, it being well known that he frequently supped at the Blue Posts Tavern, in the Haymarket, with one Mr. Tredenham, a Cornish gentleman, particular directions were given for searching that house. Colonel Mottley, however, happening not to be there, the messengers found Mr. Tredenham alone, and with a heap of papers before him; these and himself they seized and carried before the Earl of Nottingham, then Secretary of State.

"'His Lordship, however, who could not fail but know him, as he was a member of the House of Commons, and nephew to the famous Sir Edward Seymour, asked him what all those papers contained: Mr. Tredenham made answer, that they were only the several scenes of a play, which he had been scribbling for the amusement of a few leisure hours, upon which Lord Nottingham requested just to look over them, which having done, he returned them again to the author, assuring him that he was perfectly satisfied; for, '*Upon my word*,' said he, '*I can find no plot in them.*'" P. 69.

The remains of Lady Grace Gethin, or Reliquiæ Gethinianæ, 4to. 1609, is considered a rare book. This lady died at twenty-one years of age, and she has been represented (and by no less an authority than Congreve,) as a prodigy, from the profoundness of her apophthegms. It is somewhat strange that this great dramatist, and subsequently Mr. Noble and Mr. Bindley, should have omitted to discover that Lady Grace had the good sense to write select passages from Lord Bacon into her common-place book, and that her friends after her death had the folly to publish these selections as her own compositions.

Mr. Davis very justly condemns the pruriency which Hawkesworth has displayed in arranging the narrative of the South Sea voyages. We might add, on good grounds, that Hawkesworth was a man of little principle or morality; he had the baseness to write anonymous letters, and the cowardice to deny them; and even the house of a friend was not safe from his debaucheries.

Every body who buys many books should purchase this volume in order to see what are most difficult to be bought; and every body who buys few will find it useful to teach him the unimportance of those which are most high priced.

ART. VII. *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania. By the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes, A. M. Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge.* 2 vols. 4to. Plates, &c. 5l. 5s. Mawman. 1820.

TRAVELLERS, like mackerel, are best when they are fresh: and this is the case especially, when, like mackerel, they come in shoals. With "Summers"—"Autumns"—"Winters"—"Springs," by the Rhine and by the Rhone, at Paris and at Rome, the markets are now so plentifully stocked, that only a fresh-caught tourist can have any chance of attention. Who cares for what a gaping cockney saw at Geneva, in the summer of 1819? The chit-chat and the gossip of 1819, whether foreign or domestic, is gone by, and all its interest is past. A two-years' gestation of the exstasies and execrations of a sentimental coxcomb in the honeymoon of Continental novelty, would be too strikingly absurd, even for the taste of this travel-hunting age to endure. If a man be determined to tell us all that he saw last August, both for his sake and our own, the sooner he tells it the better. Whether it be a tour or a beefsteak

> "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
> "If it were done quickly"———

Not so with those who have touched the shores of ANCIENT GREECE. It is well that a thousand obstacles present themselves to arrest the progress of the indolent, the thoughtless, and the ignorant. Where every mountain and dale, every stream and every stone, tell of the glories of ancient days, wretched indeed would be their degradation, were they doomed to undergo a description from the pert or feeble pen of every pestering popinjay, who might choose to record his introduction to their wonders. Few, very few, have ever visited these sacred shores, and as yet we have had much reason to be satisfied with the result of their inquiries. Much labour has been expended by these few upon their several productions, and much satisfaction has therefore been derived by every classical and thoughtful mind. We should have little opinion either of the feeling or the judgment of a man, who having traversed the regions of Ancient Greece, should favour the public on his return with a smirking Octavo, kneaded, *secundum artem*, into a saleable shape. Much labour and deliberation are necessary to weed a Grecian tour of its sentimental excrescencies, to bring it down to the level of sound discrimination and

sober fact, and to impregnate the whole with a spirit and a tone at once masterly and subdued.

It was not, therefore, without much satisfaction, that we found that the publication of the travels before us had been long delayed. Mr. Hughes judged wisely in our estimation, in suffering the first transports of an ardent mind to evaporate, and in taking full time to digest, arrange, and improve his notices. A classical tour into Greece was a *desideratum* in our literature. We do not by this assertion intend to undervalue the labours of those who have gone before; from the works of Dr. Clarke, of Dr. Holland, and even of Mr. Hobhouse himself, we derived the highest satisfaction. They were each of them scholars enough to feel and to describe the classical reminiscences, which Athens or Delphi, Parnassus or Cithæron, might present to their minds. Notwithstanding this, we still were in want of a determined and an accurate scholar, whose mind should be richly stored with all the branches of ancient literature, who should be able to associate them continually with all the objects around him, without pedantry and without affectation. Second-hand citations, however well got up for the occasion, are lumbering and lumpish lore; they are, at once, poverty-struck and pedantic; they are not felt by the author, and are therefore never relished by the reader.

To supply the deficiency, of which we have complained, no one seems to have been more adapted than Mr. Hughes. In the calendars of Cambridge his name often appears as a classical prizeman, and indeed the work before us bears ample testimony to the scholarlike feeling and information of his mind. He started young, before the visions of a classic fancy had yielded to the sober realities of life. However chastened by the long delay attending its publication, the book is full of enthusiasm; there is an elasticity about it, which is at once the signal and the charm of youth: even when we begin to be fatigued, it forces us onwards.

On the first of May, 1813, Mr. Hughes arrived at Palermo, at which period the descriptive part of his tour commences. Sicily was then under the protection of the British, and never was so favourable an opportunity offered to any nation of restoring itself to that consequence which it formerly held. The ancient and modern history of the island is admirably connected by Mr. Hughes; as this is ground, however, with which our readers have had various means of acquaintance, we shall not enter into any detail upon the subject; but passing over this part of the volume, we shall accompany our traveller to Zante, that fertile and "woody"

isle. No less than forty different wines, of different sorts, are made here, few of which we believe have ever reached England. The currant is here produced in abundance, and forms a principal article of exportation. As the method in which this common article of our consumption is cultivated, is little known, we shall give it to our readers in the words of Mr. Hughes.

"The currants of Zante form the principal article of exportation; the weight of about 80,000 cwts. being sent annually to England, Holland, Sweden, Germany, and Venice, though the first mentioned country consumes more than all the rest together. The delicate plant which produces this fruit (*Vitis Corinthiaca*) rises to the height of about three or four feet, being very thick in branches and leaves, the latter of which are much smaller than those of the common vine: it is subject to great injury from insects when it begins to shoot, from early frosts in the spring, and from heavy rains at the time of flowering. Its fruit, when ripe, is of the size of our largest red currant, of a rich purple colour, hanging in long and beautiful clusters: its luscious flavour is agreeably tempered with a slight acidity, which renders it a very favourable article in the dessert. This vine requires a very peculiar soil and situation for its arrival at perfection: the first ought to be dry and flinty with a sufficient mixture of light clay or loam; the second should be near the sea and sheltered from the violence of the wind:—hence it will flourish only on the north or north-west coasts of the Morea, and the islands of Zante, Cephalonia, and Ithaca: its culture has been attempted at Santa Maura, and the other Ionian islands, but without success. The vine begins to bear well in its seventh year, and will last near a century if proper care and attention be paid to manure it and add fresh soil whenever it begins to shew exhaustion. The grape ripens in the end of July, but the vintage does not commence till the end of August; the clusters when gathered are conveyed away in baskets, and laid upon a smooth floor formed by a fine mastic cement which prevents earthy particles from mingling with the grapes: on this floor they are carefully spread and turned every day: if the weather should prove very rainy, the hopes of the cultivator are totally destroyed: if it be fine (and it rarely happens otherwise) the fruit becomes dry in ten or twelve days; it is then cleared from external substances, and deposited in warehouses, where it emits that viscous fluid which coagulates it so closely, that a pickaxe is sometimes required to separate the mass, before it can be put into casks for exportation." Vol. I. p. 146.

In this island a tomb was discovered in 1544, supposed by many to be that of Cicero. Mr. Hughes has given us a fac-simile of the inscription, and from the very form of the letters we should have little hesitation in pronouncing it spu-

rious. Passing from Zante, our author proceeded immediately to the shores of Greece, and anchored in the Bay of Patros, during the fast of the Ramazan, a season of mortification for a whole month to the disciples of Mahomet during the day, and of riot and festivity during the night. From Patros he proceeded to Tripolizza, with the intention of taking the circle of the Morea, but was most unfortunately prevented by the caprice of one of its chief lords, Mahomet Pasha. The reader, however, is amply recompensed, by an extract from an unpublished memoir of Mr. C. R. Cockerell, a name well known to the lovers of Grecian architecture, descriptive of his expedition in the Morea, where he discovered the celebrated Phigalian marbles. Argolis, however, was open to our traveller, of which he has given us a description full of interest. From thence he proceeded to Corinth, but failed in his endeavour to view the Acro-Corinthus, which still exists in the character of a Turkish citadel, into which, seldom, if ever, are strangers permitted to enter. Corinth itself has but few remnants yet existing of its ancient splendor. From Corinth he proceeded to Regara, among whose mud walls and miserable cottages, many fragments of monumental inscriptions are yet remaining. On the plains of Eleusis, Athens burst upon him.

"The repose of evening was spread over the landscape, and the last rays of the sun, sinking behind the Epidaurian mountains, cast their mellow tints over the ruins of the acropolis: the deep colours, glowing on the stately columns of the parthenon, harmonized with the scene, and with the best feelings of the human heart: it is under the setting sun alone that the first view of Athens can properly be enjoyed; its meridian blaze seems to mock the decaying splendour, the magnificent desolation of a city, which like that orb itself has run a race of glory, nor parted with its radiance even in its fall. To view this scene had ever been among the most ardent of my wishes—it lay now before me surrounded with its own elegance of decoration, and connected with the most interesting classical associations—every danger, every trouble, every fatigue which had occurred in the way, was forgotten in the satisfaction of the moment.

"In this view nothing appeared to me more remarkable than the charming disposition of its parts; it seemed as if nature had in this instance conformed to the most accurate rules of art, and that a Claude himself could not have desired any alteration to form the most perfect landscape. A wood of ancient olives covered the spacious plain that was stretched below us: beyond this rose the temple-crowned Acropolis encircled with the habitations of the lower city; whilst Hymettus formed a magnificent back-ground to

the picture, flanked on one side by the fine outline of Pentelicus, and on the other by those isles which 'crown the Ægean deep:' as we advance a little, the Saronic gulf comes into view on the right, with Ægina, Piræus, the ever-glorious straits of Salamis, and the Argolic mountains: on the left is seen Parnes, the heights of Deceléa, and the interesting little eminences of Colonos, the birth-place of the Attic Bee, and the scene of his most pathetic tragedy." Vol. I. p. 246.

Of the visit of our author to the Acropolis we can speak in the highest terms; we follow him from the Parthenon to the Crealleum, and to the Parthenon back again, with the deepest interest. Full of classic enthusiasm, he condemns the hand even of his countryman, who has deprived that splendid temple of the most exquisite of its moveable ornaments. We, who sit coolly at home, cannot but think that this very spoliation has been their preservation; we know that the finest portions of that exquisite building have already fallen victims to the senseless barbarity of the Turks, who have actually ground them into mortar; and we have little reason to think that these could have escaped the same fate. Be this as it may; the spoliations of Elgin, like the victories of Hannibal, have had one happy effect—that of furnishing a pleasing and an ample theme for the declamation of the schoolboy, and, we would add, for the venom of the satirist.

We will follow our traveller in his visit to the ancient fountain of Callirhoe.

"Next day we enjoyed another treat in the company of our intelligent friend, and pitched our tent in the great Stadium beyond the Ilissus, whither we retired after having rambled over the district of Agræ, once sacred to Diana, and viewed the fountain of the Ilissiades, still called by its ancient name Callirhoe, with the ruins of a temple of Ceres, the site of the Lycéum, the Cynosarges, and the gardens of Venus below the monastery of Syriani, where an old stunted myrtle exists, which is said to have outlived the empire both of men and deities, and serves at this day as an authentic record of the place: in a deep and shaded valley near the monastery, whose banks are fringed with the agnus castus, oleaster, and willow, we found the stream of the Ilissus, and a great number of Albanian women on its banks, employed in washing linen—picturesque enough in the mass, but possessing few individual charms. The water disappears at about the distance of a mile above Athens, but I always found it by digging to the depth of one or two feet in the sand or gravel with which its bed is choked. The sides of Ilissus are marked by the foundations of buildings, which in former times encroached upon its transparent stream, when the spreading

plane-trees on its banks afforded a delicious retreat either for the voluptuary or the philosopher. In examining the stadium, whose dimensions appear larger than are usually seen, and which was once coated with a superb covering of Pentelic marble, by the generosity of Herodes Atticus, we observed a small stone pedestal at the entrance of a passage cut through the hill on one side which leads into the open country beyond: this pedestal is of modern workmanship, and is sometimes used, as our guide informed us, for the purpose of propitiatory sacrifices. The goddesses to whom it is dedicated, strange to say, are the Destinies or Fates; the worshippers are Athenian damsels who have arrived at the age of matrimonial despair, and the hierophant is an old woman: early in the morning the parties repair hither, and having offered up their petitions to the presiding deities, leave a small frugal repast of eggs, cakes, and honey upon the altar, and then depart. An Athenian friend of mine assured me that he made a very excellent breakfast one morning upon this δεῖπνον Ἑκάτης, after having had his appetite well sharpened by a shooting excursion over the borders of Hymettus: to my inquiries whether these extraordinary rites ever softened the hearts of the inexorable goddesses, he answered, that the priestesses of the altar, anxious for its reputation, always descant with such eloquence upon the charms and good qualities of its votaries amongst their acquaintance of the other sex, that they not unfrequently succeed in removing all cause of complaint.

"I was informed also of another singular custom as existing among the lower classes of the modern Greeks, wherein these Moirai or destinies are concerned. When a man of revengeful disposition has received, or fancies he has received, a serious injury from his neighbour, and is unwilling to seek redress by the ordinary modes, he betakes himself to build up a curse against his adversary, in the form of a round barrow or mound of stones, laying some large ones for a foundation, and leaving room enough for his relatives or friends, or any passing traveller who may take an interest in his cause, to add a pebble to his anathema. He then solemnly calls upon the Fates to shower down every species of calamity upon the head of the offender, and not unfrequently joins the arch fiend, the author of all evil, in his energetic invocation. Sometimes it happens that an accident from the pistol or ataghan of a Turk, or a malaria fever, takes off the devoted victim, most opportunely for the anathematizer, who is then regarded with a species of reverential awe by the neighbourhood, and esteemed as a person under the special influence of divine protection." Vol. I. p. 290.

The groves of the academy are vanished, but the Cephissus still flows on amidst the olives, as of old. The atmosphere is still noxious, and the *malaria* haunts the ruins of the academy. A more interesting task cannot indeed be imagined, than to trace out, as may be done with much ease

and certainty, all those spots with which are associated our earliest notions of superiority and grandeur. In Rome, the succession of a new city and a new empire, has not only changed the appearances, but in many instances has blotted out the traces of former objects. In Athens, they remain ruined, but unchanged. One curious perversion of purpose we cannot however but remark. The tower of Andronicus, better known as the Temple of the Winds, is turned into a college of howling Dervishes. "*Una Eurusque notusque ruunt.* The description of the antics practised by these wretched fanatics but too forcibly reminds us of the same phrenzy, which is but too prevalent in our own country, without the same palliation or excuse. When we read of their wild looks, the foam starting from their mouths, their hair floating in disorder, and themselves sinking down in a state of insensibility, and then, after their recovery, their boast of having been favoured with celestial visions, we might imagine that it was a conventicle of Jumpers, not a college of Dervishes, whom our author would describe. So fearfully does fanaticism level every distinction between light and darkness, truth and falsehood, the Gospel and the Koran.

Perhaps to readers of the present day, the most interesting part of these volumes will be that which describes the policy, the person, and the manners of Ali Pacha. From the day on which Mr. Hughes entered Joannina, we consider him as entering upon new and most important ground. No English traveller has ever had the opportunity of witnessing the private life of this extraordinary being as Mr. Hughes. Many have given us a history of his life and character with sufficient fidelity, but none have hitherto come into such personal contact with the man, or approached him so intimately in his convivial and familiar moods. It was the great aim of Ali Pacha, at the time when Mr. Hughes visited Joannina, to conciliate the British Government; he foresaw the result of the great contest in which Europe was then involved, and naturally conjectured that the Ionian Isles would soon be placed under the controul of Great Britain.

The arduous struggles, and the hair-breadth escapes, both political and personal, which this Albanian tyrant, in the extremity of disease and age, has, within these last few months undergone, most forcibly direct our attention to the volumes of Mr. Hughes, in which we find so luminous and entertaining an account of his whole life and policy. And on the other hand, if we had read these volumes before the last appearance of the man himself on the theatre of political contest, our attention would have been most anxiously

directed to every movement which he might have made. The exploits of Ali direct us to his historian, and the talent of his historian directs us to Ali.

We shall not pursue the tyrant through all the bribery and bloodshed, the cruelty and intrigue, which mark his character. Late events have shewn that to all circumstances his talents and his energies are fully equal. Whether it be in the plenitude of power at Joannina, or whether it be when at bay in his last hold, the predominance of his courage and intellect has never deserted him. The peculiar traits of his character are thus admirably marked.

"With regard to the domestic habits of Ali Pasha, his attention to business, and the distribution of his time, are amongst the most extraordinary. So jealous is he of power, that he rarely calls upon the services of his ministers, but transacts all affairs of government himself. He rises very early in the morning, and takes a cup of coffee with his pipe: he then gives audience to his various officers, receives petitions and decides causes, pronounces judgment, settles the concerns of his army, navy, and revenue, till noon; he then dines upon very frugal fare, a few plain dishes, and a moderate portion of wine. After dinner he sleeps for an hour or two, and then smokes his houka whilst he is occupied in similar occupations till six or seven o'clock at night, or even much later; he afterwards takes his supper and retires to his harem. In the expeditions which he frequently makes through various parts of his dominions, he will sometimes partake of the frugal fare of a cottager, and sleep beneath his humble roof. No one knows beforehand where he intends to transact the business of the day: sometimes he fixes upon the Serai of Litaritza, sometimes that of the Castron, and often he retires to the gardens of the Kiosk, or to some one of the numerous tenements which he possesses both within and without the city. Wherever he may be, a large quantity of Albanian troops are generally seen scattered about, in their white capotes, waiting for his exit. This extraordinary attention to business is productive of great inconvenience to his subjects, for in spite of all his quickness in decision, and the impossibility of appeal, a vast accumulation necessarily takes place, especially during his frequent absence from the capital.

"He is not at all strict, and is thought by no means sincere, in the article of religion. He visits a mosque but once in the year, at the festival of the Ramazan, when he goes in grand procession. His mind, strong as are its natural faculties, being untutored in philosophy or science, and unaided by religious truths, clings to the marvellous and bends beneath the power of superstition: hence it is that he is greatly alarmed at thunder and earthquakes, at which times probably remorse finds an opportunity of applying her vindictive lash.

Hi sunt qui trepidant et ad omnia fulgura pallent.

He believes in charms, and thinks that chemical combinations of matter might be discovered, which would cure all diseases, and prolong life to an indefinite extent; this makes him often the dupe of cunning and designing men.

" Though strongly addicted to sensual lusts, and proud of the success which formerly attended his amours, he pretends to take great concern in the morals of his people, and perhaps no town exists where public prostitution is so severely punished as at Ioannina. In his exterior deportment he discovers little of that ostentation which often sits so awkwardly upon persons who have risen to very exalted stations. Ali on the contrary is affable and condescending as well to strangers as to his own subjects. His firmness of mind and command over himself is well illustrated in the following anecdote. In the year 1813, as he was inspecting some repairs in the great serai of the Castron, a large block of stone fell from a scaffold upon his shoulder, and laid him prostrate on the ground. Every one present thought he was killed, and a general alarm was spread: but Ali, though seriously hurt, ordered a horse to be equipped instantly, upon which he mounted and rode round the city, with a single Albanian attendant, without discovering the least mark of pain, though he had received a wound which confined him several weeks to his bed. After his recovery he told Mons. Pouqueville that he acted thus to assure his people of his safety, and to deprive his enemies of the pleasure of thinking he was likely to die. The consul replied, that every man had his enemies, but he could not think those of his highness went so far as to desire his death. 'What?' said Ali, 'there is not a minute of the day in which they do not offer up prayers to heaven for my destruction; how can it be otherwise? for forty years I have been doing every thing bad to every body: in this period I have caused 30,000 persons to be hung and put to death in various ways; and they know that if I live longer I shall do more: would you have them not hate me then? their hatred however will not affect my health,'—and upon this he burst into his usual Sardonic laugh. In his dress Ali is generally plain and simple, although some particular parts of it display the magnificence of a sovereign. In person he is about the middle size, but his body being long in proportion to his legs, he appears to the greatest advantage on horseback, or when seated upon the sofa of his divan. He was extremely active in his youth, but had become unwieldy by reason of his corpulency several years before our arrival in Ioannina; and I understand, that since our departure, his increased bulk has tended so greatly to sour his temper, and urge him on to so many acts of wanton cruelty, that his character is likely to take a stain of much deeper dye than it had before acquired." Vol. II. p. 215.

Besides a continued intercourse in the ordinary routine of morning visits, Mr. Hughes was invited to dine at the same

table with Ali, at a splendid feast given by Signor Alessio; an honour to which no foreigner, excepting the present Lord Guildford was ever yet admitted. The account which Mr. Hughes has given us of this entertainment, carries us back quite to the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; the scene was such a one as no Englishman ever yet witnessed, and it is described in a manner which, while it fixes the attention of the reader, establishes the fidelity of the historian.

The dinner began with a dessert of apples, dried fruits, and sweet-meats, after which our author had to run the gauntlet through eighty-six different dishes, each of which he was bound, according to the Turkish custom, at least to taste. Knives and forks were out of the question, though out of respect to Mr. Hughes and his friend, they were placed before them. As the dishes were placed upon the table, they were caught up by the Attaman guard, who pulled the meat to pieces with their dirty fingers.

"No liquor was drank at this entertainment but wine, which several beautiful youths from the vizir's seraglio stood to pour out from pitchers into glass goblets. Two pages would scarcely be sufficient to describe the different viands which were placed upon the table singly and separately, and upon which the first-rate culinary science in Turkey seemed to have been lavished; some of the ragouts and piquant sauces would not have disgraced the civic table of a lord-mayor: the most insipid article was the pastry, which was nothing more than cakes of meal, honey, and pistachio nuts. We had to run the gauntlet for about two hours through eighty-six dishes, all placed singly before the guests in a varied succession of roast and boiled meats, fish, stews, pastry, game, and wild-fowl, &c. until the dessert again appeared. In the mean time the Ganymedes had not been idle with their pitchers and goblets, and Signore Alessio, the οἰνόπτης of the feast, supplied them with his best quadrimum. Old Mazout had once or twice during dinner shewn symptoms of the Bacchic fury rising within him, by throwing open a sash-window behind the divan, and joining in chorus with the Albanian band that was playing and singing in the ante-room. The vizir, however, now ordered him to be plied with larger and more frequent goblets; and, as he is very fond upon these occasions of seeing every one around him inebriated, he commanded the crowd of Greeks to advance from the lower end of the room and to drink like fishes. As for himself he took only a moderate portion of wine, and very considerately requested Mr. Parker and myself to follow his example.

"The fumes of the wine began at length to operate so strongly upon old Mazout, that his tongue seemed resolved to make amends for the silence to which it had previously been doomed: he sang droll songs in the Turkish language, exerted his lungs in the most

violent shouts, rolled about upon the divan, and throwing off his turban, exhibited his bare head to view, whilst the spectators, and especially the vizir, were convulsed with laughter. Soon afterwards he called the dancing-boys into the room, and snatching a tambourine from the hands of their leader, jumped and capered about, beating the instrument like an ancient Silenus: he then endeavoured to catch the boy, who eluded his grasp with the pliability of an eel, whilst the old fellow, failing in many of his attemps, fell flat upon the ground, to the no small merriment of the by-standers. In the midst of this interlude, however, Mazout several times ran up to Ali, caught him with his arms round the neck, and almost suffocated him with embraces, kissing him on the forehead and bosom, and addressing him with expressions of the most fond attachment: from the vizir he ran off again to the dancing-boys, and at last, seizing their coryphæus, he nearly stifled him with caresses; then dragging him up to the divan, he coaxed Ali to give him a handful of small gold coins, which he wetted with his spittle, and stuck like spangles over the boy's face, who struggled very hard to get free, that he might pocket the affront.

"When the dancers had quitted the room the toasts began to circulate with great rapidity, all of which were drank in full bumpers. Ali gave the health of the Prince Regent, and the Royal Family of Great Britain; in return for which we drank to the prosperity of his house and dynasty, and to the immortal memory of Pyrrhus, his heroic *ancestor*. At length, I proposed a toast by way of experiment, to see the effect which it would produce: this was—health and prosperity to Salee Bey—the vizir's youngest and favourite son, who, as it is strongly conjectured, is designed for his successor. This proposal was received with evident satisfaction by the vizir, and by the most rapturous applause from all the company; Ali took a full bumber, old Mazout three, and the archbishop, who had for some time fought shy, demanded two; Psalida reiterated his shouts with stentorian lungs; Signore Alessio ordered a fresh barrel to be tapped, that all might do justice to the toast, and the Greeks encircling the vizir, and kissing the hem of his robes, tossed off glass after glass till he desired them to forbear. This toast, by-the-bye, was proposed and drank twice again during the evening, but no one thought of giving the health either of Mouchtar or Vely Pasha. Soon after this ebullition, the archbishop prudently decamped, and Psalida, who had for some time been guilty of clipping the vizir's Greek, being led off the field hors de combat, our host Nicolo occupied his place as interpreter of tongues.

"During a short interval of quiet, I took the opportunity of asking Ali, whether there was any truth in the report that he intended Salee Bey to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel, by visiting the different European courts: to this he answered, that the plan had been strongly recommended to him, and that he had taken it into serious consideration, but it was so contrary to the

custom of his countrymen, that he felt obliged to decline it. He asked how we liked Ioannina, and whether our host conducted himself well towards us: upon our answering that he was a good fellow (καλὸς ἄνθρωπος), he shook his head and said—'His father was.' He then desired us, in his usual hyperbolical style, to consider all his possessions as our own, and commanding silence in the room, he declared in a loud tone, that he should consider no man his friend who did not shew us civility and attention. Some time before this speech was ended, old Mazout began to be very impatient, and at length commenced a humourous song, which, alas! he was unable to finish, for unfortunately overbalancing himself in one of his outrageous attitudes, he fell off the sofa and rolled under the table: whilst he lay there, the Greeks, seeing how the vizir was inclined, seemed to forget that awe which the presence of an autocrat, upon whose breath their very lives depended, might inspire, and began to play all sorts of practical jokes upon each other; tripping up heels, knocking off calpacs, and exploding detonating balls close to the ear: the noise and confusion thus occasioned rouzed old Mazout Effendi from his trance; for, starting up in a species of delirium, he thrust his hand and arm through the sash-window behind him: the joke seemed to be relished; Signore Alessio thrust his arm through another pane, and Mazout immediately broke in the whole sash with his hands and feet: all the Greeks now fell to, and in like manner demolished every window in the apartment, amidst the loud laughter of Ali, and the Bacchanalian triumph of the Effendi, who ran to caress the vizir after every feat which he performed.

"When this work of destruction was finished, Ali gave the signal for breaking up the party, and silence immediately succeeded to the yells which a few minutes before would have astounded an Indian war-tribe. The Greeks now retired to the bottom of the room, the pitcher and ewer with warm water were again introduced, and the customary ablutions performed: then several guards entered and preceded the vizir, with long wax tapers, to the head of the staircase, where he stopped a few minutes, asked for his English friends, and took a very courteous leave of us. At the outer door, in the area, stood several hundreds of his Albanian retinue, with a fine Arabian charger, richly caparisoned: vaulting into his saddle, he set off in a gallop towards the serai of Litaritza, followed by his motley crew, shouting, waving their torches, and running at full speed to keep up with their chief. Mr. Parker and myself walked silently home, listening to the retreating uproar as it lessened on the ear, and when we arrived at Signore Nicolo's mansion, we stared at each other, and asked mutually whether it was not all a dream?" Vol. II. p. 52.

In every species of exaction Ali is especially accomplished. One of the most gentle impositions to which he occasionally resorts, is to a sort of present from himself, which entails upon

the happy party, who may be thus honoured by his bounty, the necessity of returning by the messenger, a sum of money to double the value of the article thus presented: sometimes he borrows a large loan of his subjects, which he orders them to pay in gold; he then returns it in silver, according to the value of that metal at Constantinople, which is at a considerable depreciation.

"He once purchased at a very reduced price a cargo of coffee, which had been totally spoiled by the entrance of the sea water into an English brig. He then sent for some coffee-dealers and Jews of Ioannina, and thus opened the conference with the principal tradesman:

"'At what price now is coffee, Murrie* ?'

"'Please your highness, we purchase it at Malta for three piastres the pound, but the freight and duties oblige us to sell it again for four and a half.'

"'Well, Murrie, I have some excellent coffee which I will sell you at five piastres, by which you will avoid all trouble and risk.'

"'Please your highness, we have a great quantity at this time on hand, and it is quite a drug in the market.'

"'Haithe haithe, keratádes—get out, you horned rascals, you shall purchase it for *six*.'

"It is almost needless to add that the coffee was sent and the money paid. On a similar occasion he sold some hundred dozens of sword blades which he had purchased from a villain, who, not being able to sell them on account of the badness of their manufacture, went to the vizir and offered them to him at half price. In like manner he bought a large assortment of watches *made to sell*, as well as snuff-boxes, rings, and toys, from a travelling Geneva merchant. He then sent for the Archbishop of Ioannina—'Here is a watch for you, very beautiful and very excellent: I expect that to morrow you will make me a present of sixty sequins.'

"The two Greek primates next received each a gratuitous snuff-box, and almost every Greek possessed of wealth and reputation in the place, was gratified by his sovereign's gracious condescension and a present, with which, after receiving it in silence, he touched his forehead and lips, in token of respect, and departed.

"These however are only a few trifling modes of tyranny with which Ali amuses himself in drawing money out of the pockets of his subjects. His grand and truly oppressive system is that of the chifflicks: this will be best understood if I explain the tenure under which land in Albania is held. All the villages then are either free villas or chifflicks. The free villa is divided into certain portions according to the number of proprietors, and a tenth of the whole

* "The expression is one which he constantly uses to almost all that approach him: it is one, not quite of contempt, but of a familiarity that borders on it, and is only used by a superior to his inferior in rank: it is derived from the vocative of the Greek word μωρος."

produce is due to the sultan for the maintenance of the spahis, a species of military force somewhat resembling our yeomanry cavalry, except that they are liable to serve in foreign warfare either personally or by deputy. The vizir, in quality of collector for the sovereign, generally doubles this impost, though he sends but a very small part of it to Constantinople. He appoints a balouk-bashee, with a party of soldiers, to govern the village and receive the taxes, who are paid by the poor inhabitants: these latter also are subject to the expenses of lodging and boarding all officers civil or military, all soldiers upon their march, and all travellers, whether natives or foreigners, who are furnished with a bouyourdee: neither is any transfer of land allowed to take place without the vizir's permission." Vol. II. p. 80.

We heartily wish that our limits would permit us to follow Mr. Hughes in his animated and interesting description of the city of Joannina and the surrounding country, into which he frequently penetrated. We cannot, however, refrain from presenting to our readers his account of the scenery which surrounds the Archerusian lake.

"After riding half an hour and then turning to the left we were astonished by a view of the dark rocks of Suli and the defile of the Acheron: but no pen can do justice to this scenery! It seemed as if we were about to penetrate into Tartarus itself and the awful recesses of the Plutonian realms; ἵν' Ἄδης χωρὶς ἅπασαι θεῶν. The magnificence of this scene is but imperfectly represented in the annexed plate; I was unable to take much more than the outline, and it required the talents of a professed artist to do justice to all its parts: if that friend who has kindly embellished this sketch had been present to take it originally, the reader would have gained a much truer impression of the mountains of the Acheron. This river flows in a fine curve through the plain after it has left the rocky channel, which during successive ages it has worn through this terrific chasm, amidst the crags of which its hoarse murmurs are distinctly heard. Proceeding a little further we came to the ruins of a Greek monastery which had been destroyed during the Suliot wars: it stood on the very brink of the Acheron and within the precincts of an ancient temple: this was evident from a considerable number of columns, some of which lay scattered on the ground, whilst others, though broken, still rested upon their bases: it seemed as if the temple itself had been at some time or other repaired or enlarged; for though many of the pillars were of antique construction and the granite of which they were made was in a state of decomposition, others were marble, of smaller dimensions, and a more modern form. Whilst we were debating with ourselves whether these fragments were ever included in one of Pluto's Acherusian temples, or whether we might not be standing upon the site of that Pandosia which with the fatal Acheron Alex-

ander king of Epirus thought he was commanded by the oracle to avoid, a party of Albanian peasants came up, of whom we inquired the name of the place where we stood, and heard with no little surprise that it was called Aidonati. This appeared to confirm our conjectures—for Aidoneus or Pluto, a king of the Molossi, was fabled to have carried off Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of Ceres, from Sicily to this very region, where Theseus and Pirithous were afterwards confined, when they attempted to deprive him of his prize. The name of Aidonati therefore preserved apparently from this tradition afforded grounds for the supposition that this was the Temple of the God of Hell." Vol. II. p. 306.

The waters of the Acheron Mr. Hughes asserts to have lost all their poetical bitterness, and to be quite sweet and agreeable to the taste.

"Returning to the monastery we descended into the plain, and having crossed the Cocytus by a lofty stone bridge, arrived at length upon the borders of the Acherusian Lake. Its site is only to be discovered by the willows and alders, intermingled with reeds and all sorts of aquatic plants, which grow to a great height and almost entirely choke up the water. Yet there are many channels in this morass through which the peasants pass in boats for the purpose of cutting reeds and faggots, catching eels of an immense size, and taking the eggs or young of wild fowl. Its length from the spot where it absorbs the waters of the Acheron till it again disgorges them is nearly two miles. It emits no pestilential vapour, although the malaria in all parts of the plain of Phanari is very abundant, from the great accumulation of vegetable matter and stagnant water: its destructive effects are perceptible in the sallow and emaciated countenances of the surrounding peasantry. Hence probably it was that the ancients, ignorant of the natural causes of disease, transferred the miasmata of the plain to the Plutonian Lake, and represented it as emitting a deadly effluvia." Vol. II. p. 313.

Acherusia was a name not applied to this spot alone; we find an Acherusia in Pontus, and the region around the catacombs of Egypt was also called by the same appellation. There was an Acheron also in Elis, and another in Apulia. Mr. Hughes inclines, and rightly we think, to the opinion of Mr. Bryant, who supposes that in all these places, the Cuthite or Ammonia colonists established the rites of their Egyptian idolatry, and gave them the appellation of the original plains.

In his return, our author visited Parga, a spot, the inhabitants of which, in their late unfortunate emigration, have called forth the warmest sympathies of the British nation. As we are not much in a humour at present for idle declama-

tion, we shall enter into no discussion upon the matter; we cannot help, however, expressing our decided opinion, that Great Britain used every exertion which circumstances would permit, both to protect the liberty, and to alleviate the miseries of these sons of freedom.

In our account of these volumes, we have been enabled only to present to the reader a few prominent points, but we can assure him that all which lies between is equally worthy of his attention. The style is animated, clear, and classical; if there be a fault, it is, that Mr. Hughes, in a few passages, permits a vivid and poetical imagination too wide a field for display, and to descant, rather than describe. The various passages which Mr. Hughes has brought from the poets and historians of antiquity, whether to ornament or to illustrate his subject, are given with admirable effect: they are such, we are confident, as a memory richly stored with classical beauties would suggest upon the spot, and such is the impression which they produce on the reader. They are clearly not *got up* for the occasion.

The public have to thank Mr. Hughes for his labours; as these volumes will make a most valuable addition to the permanent stock of British travels; to every class of readers they will be highly interesting; to the scholar invaluable.

We should be doing injustice to the work, did we not express our high approbation of the plates with which it abounds. The views in Greece are from the masterly pencil of Mr. Cockerell, a gentleman who unites the science of the architect to the elegance of the scholar, in a manner hitherto unrivalled.

Nor can we close our remarks without mentioning in terms of merited respect, a Dissertation affixed to the first volume, on the Oracle of Dodona, by Dr. S. Butler, Head Master of Shrewsbury School. It does the highest credit to his learning and ingenuity. We only lament that we are unable from want of room, to present the reader with such an analysis of it as it deserves.

Art. VIII. *Philosophical Transactions*, 1820. *Chemical Papers, Nos. 2 and 6.*

We must not conclude that chemistry is on the decline, because its progress is not so rapid and decided at present, as at some former periods. We are reminded of Newton's remark, when a similar pause followed the publication of his discoveries, and Halley complained that he had left no subjects for investigation. There is game enough, said Sir Isaac, if you will but beat the bushes for it.

The Philosophical Transactions of 1820, and indeed the previous parts of that work for some time past, have presented very little in the chemical department, and of that little still less which can claim any great degree of interest. In the present volume there are only two papers on chemical subjects, and these contain almost nothing that is either new or important; all that we can consider so, we shall present to our readers in a brief abstract, accompanied, however, with a few remarks, which, with all due deference to the authority of one of the authors, we cannot avoid making, on the novel method of reasoning which he has adopted.

No. 2. is the Bakerian Lecture, read before the society by Mr. Brande, on the composition of inflammable gases, and their illuminating and heating powers. The experiments were undertaken with a view to the practical purposes of illumination; and merely as such the author confesses they would not have been of sufficient novelty or importance, to have formed the subject of this lecture: but during the progress of the enquiry some new views relative to the constitution of those gaseous mixtures presented themselves; and some properties of radiant matter became apparent, which seemed to give the investigation greater importance. On the subject of the composition of coal-gas Mr. B. has been led to differ from all former chemists.

The gas produced by distillation of coal and other substances in close vessels, has been repeatedly examined by the most eminent chemists, and they have, without exception, agreed in considering it a mixture of several different kinds of gas; those ingredients which constitute the largest proportion of it, and upon which its illuminating powers depend, are two varieties of carburetted hydrogen, one consisting of two parts of hydrogen, with one of vapour of carbon; the other of equal parts: the former, called carbu-

retted hydrogen, or sometimes light hydrocarburet: the latter, bi-carburetted hydrogen, or olefiant gas. These compounds have been repeatedly analyzed, and their proportions well established by all the principal authors on the subject. It is also well known that when produced from coal, &c., it is impossible to separate the two last mentioned gases completely from a variety of others, with which, in smaller proportions, they are always mixed. Mr. Brande, however, conceives, on the ground of some of his own experiments, that all his predecessors have been mistaken in the composition of coal-gas: and he would have it considered as a mechanical mixture of olefiant gas and hydrogen.

As the subject is one which can, by no means, be considered as of great interest, we will not trouble our readers by a detailed examination of the arguments by which our author endeavours to establish his point; the following specimen will give a sufficient idea of his mode of reasoning. His statements, as will be seen, are vague, and his deductions inconclusive. He rests them all on the supposition that no foreign gases were present, in the experiments which he made; but as this supposition cannot be granted on account of the obvious impurity of the gas employed, the inferences depending on it cannot be allowed great weight.

We will give his conclusion to that part of the paper containing these investigations, in his own words.

"The inference which I think may be drawn from the preceding experiments and observations is, that there exists no definite compound of carbon and hydrogen, except that usually called olefiant gas: that the various inflammable compounds employed for the purpose of illumination, and produced by the destructive distillation of coal, oil, &c. consist essentially of a mixture of olefiant gas and hydrogen: that the gas procured from acetate of potash and from moist charcoal contains the same elements, with carbonic oxide and carbonic acid; and that no other definite compound of carbon and hydrogen can be recognized in them, except olefiant gas."

We cannot sufficiently admire the conclusive cogency of this inference, the first article of it is the most striking: assuming the accuracy of the experiments, coal-gas does not contain carburetted hydrogen; *ergo* no such gas exists. And for the truth of the next part of the inference the only ground is the inaccurate results of experiments very probably fallacious.

We may add also, that since the publication of this paper by Mr. Brande, that able chemist, Dr. Henry, has read to the society a paper, containing a complete vindication and establishment of the old doctrine.

The second section of this paper is more interesting; it contains an account of experiments for determining the relative heating and illuminating powers of the flames of olefiant, coal, and oil gases. The relative illuminating power was found by a comparison of shadows; he compared the light from a single jet of flame, with that from several, arranged circularly in an argand burner, where the combustion is perfected by a central current of air, rendered more rapid by the glass tube which surrounds the flame: it was found to be increased in a very high ratio. Count Rumford had shewn that the quantity of light emitted by a given portion of inflammable matter in combustion, is proportional, in some high ratio, to the elevation of temperature, and that a lamp, having many nicks very near each other, so as to communicate *heat*, burns with infinitely more brilliancy than the argand's lamps in common use. The construction of the gas argand burner is particularly calculated to produce an effect of this kind: and to such a cause the great increase of light relative to the consumption of gas may probably be attributed.

It appears, from these experiments, that to produce the light of ten wax-candles, for one hour, there will be required,

2600 cubic inches of olefiant gas,
4875 ..... oil gas,
13,120 ..... coal gas.

The author has added several remarks of a practical nature, deduced from these observations.

He next proceeded to try the relative heating powers by boiling a given quantity of water in twenty minutes, with flames of each gas: and found that under a surface of thirty inches, to raise a quart of water from 50° to 212° requires,

870 cubic inches of olefiant gas,
1300 ..... oil gas,
2190 ..... coal gas.

From this experiment it may be inferred, that the air of a room, equally lighted by oil and coal gas, will be much less heated by the former than the latter: but that the actual heating powers of the flames is in the direct ratio of the quantity of olefiant gas.

The concluding experiment given in this paper, we consider of the highest interest and importance, and will give the account of it in Mr. B.'s words.

"There are certain substances, the chemical relations of which are singularly affected by the influence of direct solar rays. Among these the mixture of chlorine and hydrogen is most remarkable: if kept in common day-light, but out of the direct sunshine, the gases do not act upon each other; but the moment the mixture is placed in the sunshine, the muriatic acid begins to be formed. I therefore hoped that this property might be applicable in certain photometrical experiments. I exposed a mixture of equal volumes of chlorine and hydrogen, in a tube inverted over water, capable of holding about four cubical inches, and blown into a thin bulb at its upper extremity, to the brilliant focus produced by a large olefiant gas flame: it was exposed for fifteen minutes, but underwent no other change than a slight increase of bulk, acting as an air thermometer." P. 26.

"It now occurred to me to try how far any effect would be produced by the more intense light of the voltaic battery, and I placed the tube containing the mixed gases in a darkened room, within an inch of the charcoal points, connected with an apparatus of one hundred pairs of plates highly charged: upon making the contact, the effect of the light upon the mixed gases was very remarkable; fumes of muriatic vapour were instantly produced, the water rose in the tube in consequence of the production of muriatic acid, and in about five minutes the absorption was entire: but the most curious circumstance was, that in two instances an explosion of the gases took place the moment they felt the impulse of the electric light.

"As I have in no case been able to produce an analogous effect by any other terrestrial light, however intense, I cannot but consider the phenomenon as dependant upon some peculiar property belonging to the rays of solar and electric light."

We think this experiment highly interesting, as tending to throw additional light on the connexion between certain phenomena of electricity, of the solar spectrum, and perhaps of magnetism, which have deservedly excited much interest and inquiry. Our knowledge upon these subjects, imperfect as it is at present is, seems to be advancing with rapid strides.

We will now proceed to notice the only other communication of a chemical nature, which is contained in the present volume.

No. 6. On some Combinations of Platinum, by Edmund Davy, Esq. Professor of Chemistry to the Cork Institution.

Mr. Davy has employed much of his attention in investigating the properties and compounds of this singular metal. He published a paper on a fulminating compound of it, which he had discovered in the Philosophical Transactions, 1817; and in that paper alluded to some further discoveries which he should soon bring forward, relating to other compounds. The present paper contains the account of them: it consists principally of detached facts, shewing the properties of the substance and the appearances it produces, and though important to those who are desirous of proceeding systematically in the minute examination of metallic substances and compounds, contains but little interesting to the general reader.

The peculiar substance which Mr. Davy here describes, is a black powder, obtained by boiling the sulphate of platinum with alcohol, when a precipitate is given, which, when washed and dried, is the substance in question. He proceeded to make a number of observations, to shew its properties, and then its composition; the examination of which was conducted with great sagacity and accuracy, and he considers it a compound of about 96 parts of platinum, with about three of nitrous acid, and a little oxygen and carbon. The author expresses much uncertainty as to whether this substance is to be considered a definite compound; and he enters into a number of other observations respecting it, in which we do not intend to follow him, the subject being as yet in too imperfect a state to become of much interest. We will however proceed to give his account of one of its most remarkable and interesting properties.

The action of alcohol on this powder is curious, and is connected with the decomposition of both substances. When the powder is brought into contact with the vapour of alcohol, at the common temperature of the air, there is an immediate chemical action; the heat generated is sufficient to reduce and ignite the metal, and to continue it in a state of ignition until the alcohol is consumed. In this case the acid first noticed by Sir H. Davy (in his beautiful experiment of the ignited platinum wire, and since more fully examined by Mr. Daniell) is produced. In other instances the acetic acid, as has been mentioned, is formed.

The author then proceeds to remark

"It would be premature to speculate on the uses to which this powder may be applied, but from its peculiar properties there is reason to think it will admit of some useful application. I have already employed it as an easy means of affording heat and light. To produce heat it is only necessary to moisten any porous substance, such as sponge, cork, cotton, asbestos, sand, &c. with alcohol or whiskey, and to let a particle of the powder fall on the substance so moistened: it instantly becomes red hot, and remains so till the spirit is consumed: nor is the ignited metal extinguished by exposure to the atmosphere, or by blowing the breath on it; on the contrary, partial currents of air only make it glow brighter.

"The heat produced in this way may be accumulated to a considerable extent by increasing the quantity of the materials employed.

"I have also constructed a tinder-box to procure immediate light by means of the powder; it consists of two small phials, placed in a japanned box, and some sulphur matches tipped with phosphorus. One of the phials contains the powder, the other alcohol. The stopper of the phial containing the alcohol, has a bit of sponge inserted in a small aperture at the bottom of it. When a light is wanted, it is only necessary to shake the bottle so as to moisten the sponge with the alcohol, take out the stopper and put the smallest particle of the powder on the moistened sponge; it instantly becomes red hot, and will readily kindle one of the matches. This mode of igniting a metal seems to be quite a new fact in the history of chemistry: but the means of keeping it in a state of ignition is only another illustration of the facts previously pointed out by Sir H. Davy, in his late valuable researches, which have thrown so much light on the philosophy of flame, and led to such very interesting, important, and unexpected results."

The author also gives an account of the application of sulphate of platinum, as a test for the presence of gelatine.

He gives a description of the composition and properties of a grey oxide of platinum not hitherto noticed.

The paper concludes with the following observation.

"The chemical history of platinum is far from being complete. The great want of uniformity in the statements of chemists respecting the composition of the known compounds of this valuable metal, and the circumstance of their not harmonizing with the doctrine of definite proportions prove the necessity of submitting them to a more rigid examination, and this could not be done without rendering our information on the subject more accurate and extensive."

The remaining papers in this volume are of a miscellaneous character, and many of them upon subjects of much

greater interest than either of the two papers of which we have just given an account. We reserve the consideration of them, however, for our next Number.

ART. IX. *Vicissitude: a Poem, in four Books. Nottingham Park, and other Pieces. By Robert Millhouse, Corporal of the Staff of the Royal Sherwood Forresters. Dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle.* pp. 128. Baldwin and Co.

IF a volume of poems be not good in themselves, we certainly do not see in what respect their merit, to the public, is enhanced, by having been produced under unfavourable circumstances; and, as a general principle, we feel disposed rather to set our faces against all claims to the patronage of the public, that are founded merely upon this plea. If prizes are to be held out to the labouring classes for the production of such poetry as is here before us, or even for such as Clare's, about which so much nonsense was talked, we will venture to predict that we shall soon have competitiors in abundance: but whether either the interests of poetry, or of the lower orders themselves are likely to be benefited by this misplaced sort of indulgence, is a question about which some variety of opinion will, we should hope, be found to exist. Nothing is more easy than for any person, of moderate talents, be his situation in life what it may, who can read and write, and is in possession of Thomson's Seasons and Beattie's Minstrel, and one or two other poems of that class, to cultivate a talent for making verses;—to learn to cut out watch-papers with his toes would be far more difficult;—but it is surely highly inexpedient, more especially in the present times, when the whole of our population are, in some degree educated, that literature should be made a walk into which the working classes should be invited to enter, by means of bounties. Let it be a walk from which none are excluded, if we please; and if another Burns should arise, let him stand, as that unfortunate person stood, upon the privilege of his genius; but it should be well understood that no man is to be allowed to plead *in formâ pauperis*, for reward. Such a plea can only gain a hearing so long as it is rare; but every new precedent will render it less rare; and

in the meanwhile the number of disappointed candidates will increase; and without perhaps one single good line of poetry being produced, we shall have geniuses starting up in every village, to the great detriment, we will venture to say, both of the happiness and morality, not only of these unhappy persons themselves, but of the little communities over which they will probably preside.

These remarks have been called forth by a view of this little volume of poetry now before us, coming as it does so quickly upon another of the same class; but at the same time, we are not so much in love with our principle, as to wish that poor Robert Millhouse should be made the first example of its application. We hope very sincerely that his object may be obtained both in point of fame and emolument; we shall not be concerned to hear that a subscription has been raised for him at Nottingham, and that the Duchess of Newcastle (to whom the volume is dedicated) has settled upon him a pension; but we certainly do hope that he will be the last claimant, for some time, upon the humanity of the charitably disposed part of the patronizing public; or if not, that at least, he will be the last claimant that will be successful. The poems themselves are certainly very creditable productions, when considered as the productions of a common soldier, without more advantages of education than common soldiers commonly possess; but when we have said this, we have, almost as a matter of course, said all that is to be said in their favour.

Prefixed to the volume is a sort account of the author, written by his elder brother; whose prose, for ought we can see, might just as properly be made a subject for wonder, as his younger brother's poetry. From this we learn that

"Robert Millhouse was born at Nottingham, the 14th of October, 1788, and was the second of ten children. The poverty of his parents compelled them to put him to work at the age of six years, and when ten he was set to work in a stocking loom. He had been constantly sent to a Sunday-school (the one which was under the particular patronage of that truly philanthropic ornament of human nature, the late Mr. Francis Wakefield,) till about the last-mentioned age, when a requisition having been sent by the Rector of St. Peter's parish, Dr. Staunton, to the master of the school, for six of his boys, to become singers at the church, Robert was one that was selected; and thus terminated his education, which merely consisted of reading, and the first rudiments of writing.

"When sixteen years old he first evinced an inclination for the study of poetry, which originated in the following manner. Being

one day at the house of an acquaintance, he observed, on the chimney-piece, two small statues of Shakspeare and Milton, which attracting his curiosity, he read on a tablet, in front of the former, that celebrated inscription,

> 'The cloud-capt tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, &c.'

Its beauty and solemnity excited in his mind the highest degree of admiration. At the first opportunity he related the occurrence to me with apparent astonishment, and concluded by saying 'Is it not Scripture?' In reply I told him it was a passage from Shakspeare's play of the Tempest, a copy of which I had in my possession, and that he had better read it. For although he had, from his infancy, been accustomed to survey with delight the beautiful scenery which surrounds Nottingham; had heard with rapture the singing of birds, and been charmed with the varied beauties of the changing seasons; and though his feelings were not unfrequently awakened by hearing read pathetic narratives, or accounts of the actions and sufferings of great and virtuous men, yet he was totally ignorant that such things were in any wise connected with poetry.

"He now began to read with eagerness, such books as I had previously collected, the principal of which were some of the plays of Shakspeare, Paradise Lost, Pope's Essay on Man, Blackmore's Creation, the Select Poems of Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, Prior, and Parnell, two volumes of the Tatler, and Goldsmith's Essays, all of the cheapest editions. But, ere long, by uniting our exertions, we were enabled to purchase Suttaby's miniature edition of Pope's Homer, Dryden's Virgil, Hawkesworth's translation of Telemachus, Mickle's version of the Lusiad, Thomson's Seasons, Beattie's Minstrel, &c. These were considered as being a most valuable acquisition, and the more so because we had feared we should never be able to obtain a sight of some of them, through their being too voluminous and expensive.

"In 1810 he became a soldier in the Nottinghamshire militia, joined the regiment at Plymouth, and shortly afterwards made an attempt at composition." Preface, p. iv.

"In 1814 the regiment was disembodied, when he again returned to the stocking loom, and for several years entirely neglected composition. In 1817 he was placed on the staff of his old regiment, now the Royal Sherwood Forresters; and in the following year became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increasing his necessities, he began seriously to reflect on his future prospects in life, and perceiving he had no other chance of bettering his condition than by a publication, and not having sufficient already written to form a volume, he resolved to attempt something of greater magnitude and importance than he had hitherto done, and in February 1819, began the poem of 'Vicissitude.'" Preface, p. viii.

We shall now present our readers with a specimen of the poem; as its name imports, it is somewhat desultory, but as the subject of the following description may be supposed fairly to come within the compass of the author's powers, as well as experience, we shall select it, premising, however, that we think it nothing more than an average specimen.

" Gloomy his lot who, forced in youth from home,
By adverse fate in foreign climes to roam;
Who, when a tedious length of years are o'er,
In safety lands upon his native shore,
And hopeful seeks, yet seeks in vain, to find
The relatives and friends he left behind.—
Haply his steps approach the well-known vale,
What time the wood-lark swells the evening gale,
And setting Phœbus, through the chequer'd shade
Shines on the church where *rustic worth* is laid:
How beats his heart the low-built cot to see
That peaceful stands beneath a spreading tree,
Where, he believes, his parents yet reside,
And Solitude and Rest sit side by side:
But, as he enters at the humble door,
The tenant tells his parents are no more;
That chill'd with age, yet more by cares opprest,
Grieving for him they sunk to endless rest:
That War had call'd his brothers in their bloom,
And ruthless dragg'd them to the dreary tomb:
That she, whose beauty taught his heart to love,
By whose chaste side he walk'd the shady grove,
When last her head upon his neck reclined,
And sighs spoke forth the dictates of the mind,
While mutual vows of constancy were told,
And all too swift the parting moments roll'd,
She too is dead!—adown his manly cheek
Involuntary tears in torrents break—
Oh! how he wishes now that ocean's cave,
Or some far-distant land had been his grave,
Than to have lived this hapless day to mourn,
When none survive to welcome his return.

" Or when, compell'd by wars' destructive hand,
The peasant soldier quits his native land,
How sad from wife and children to depart,
And leave those blissful scenes that charm his heart.
Lo! while he stands with manly cares opprest,
Grief, next to madness, rends his consort's breast;
Who, with her infants folded in her arms,
Curses the cause that peaceful breasts alarms;

And while the tears in show'rs her cheeks bedew,
With kisses sad he bids a last adieu;
Journies with down-cast look the toilsome way,
And hopes to meet them on some happier day." P. 28.

In another part of the poem the same subject is resumed; "the soldier returns;" and we extract this passsage also as completing the subject.

"When peace restores contentment to the swain,
The harass'd warrior quits the tented plain;
With beating heart, and hasty steps, he goes
To seek his home and terminate his woes.
At length his long lost cot appears in view,
And all his former transports beam anew;
The fields, the hedge-rows, and the furze-crown'd hill,
The purling streamlet, and the distant mill—
All that his youth had dwelt on with delight,
Increas'd in charms rush instant on his sight.
Anon he, trembling, opes the garden gate
That fronts the cottage, dress'd in rural state,
And hastening onward, soon with glad surprise,
His faithful wife salutes his tearful eyes;
Suddenly round his neck her arms she flings,
And with wild fondness to his bosom clings;
Pearls down her cheeks in quick succession roll,
Easing the joyful anguish of her soul.
Moved by the mother's tears, with fond desire,
Her blooming children crowd around their sire,
And eagerly his plumy helm survey,
Whose bright appearance casts a dazzling ray;
Till the fond tumult of their joy subsides—
As the calm'd Ocean gently rolls his tides,
When the dire Tempest now no longer raves,
And Noise and Discord seek their inmost caves.
Seated at length, and soon as words find way,
She tells how sad the months have pass'd away
Since his departure gave her up to tears;
And asks what dangers, and what gloomy cares,
Have been his portion, since his last adieu
To join the band that waited then in view?
And now a mournful story he runs o'er
Of men and horses weltering in their gore—
How, on the right and left his friends were slain;
And with his hand describes th' embattled plain;
Shews on his breast a deep and ghastly wound,
Giv'n when superior numbers press'd them round—
How the reserve beheld their woeful plight,
And put the enemy to sudden flight.

Chill'd with the horrors of the mournful tale,
Their pitying hearts the woes of war bewail;
Yet, since he's safe, they wipe the transient tears,
And welcome Joy to chase away their fears." P. 63.

The above extracts are taken from a poem which was written, not under the influence of a legitimate inspiration, but simply with a view to have matter sufficient for making up a book, and this with a view to relieve the author's want, we will not say of necessaries; but his want of money. It will therefore be perhaps more fair to present a specimen of his talents from those parts of the volume which were composed, we will not say from more laudable, but at least more congenial notions. The following lines are taken from the opening of a tolerably long poem, dedicated to his colonel, and called Nottingham Park.

" Thy Park Oh! Nottingham! inspires my strains,
For freedom revels on thy smiling plains;
There flowery Spring, with pleasure dances by,
And blooming Summer charms the enraptured eye;
There fading Autumn all her shades displays,
And Winter grows more pleasing as we gaze:—
Dear fairy-land of bliss! be now my song,
Pleased let my fancy wind thy walks along,
And though far distant from thy placid smile,
To sing thy charms shall every care beguile.

" Here, on the swelling hills the wild thyme grows,
And in the vales the yellow crowflower blows;
There towering elms the gravel walks adorn,
Here, gardens from the swampy pool are torn;
And late where water held the scaly fry,
Now fruit and flowers perfume the summer sky,
And birds, soft warbling on the blossom'd thorn,
Hail the declining sun, and rising morn,
Glad to behold their flowery haunts so gay,
And carol sweet the vernal months away.

" Where yonder mansion rears its head on high,
O'erlooks the vale, and cleaves the yielding sky;
There sceptred Kings, a royal home have found,
When sanguine War has spread destruction round;
In peaceful grandeur now it decks the land,
And keeps in solitude, its rocky stand;
Safe on the steep where school-boys dare not climb,
The clamorous daw may build her nest sublime,
Whence issuing forth, she wings her airy way,
And holds in peace hereditary sway.

" Behold yon hermitage, that lifts its head,
Where Leen moves slowly o'er his reedy bed,
Where clustering ivy o'er the cliff is hung,
And many a redbreast chants its plaintive song,
Blind Superstition there her Rites hath told,
Hath cull'd the dross, but miss'd the sterling gold.
Now from each lofty roof and moss-grown wall,
Loosen'd by time, the crumbling fragments fall;
Seated above, where shrubs and flowerets grow,
The Enthusiast eyes the scene that smiles below;
Where Trent meandering laves with fond delight,
His wealthy fields and flowery meadows bright,
And Clifton rears aloft, in solemn pride,
Her woods reflected in the deepening tide." P. 83.

The poem concludes with the following lines:

" Dear native scenes! how well thy charms I know,
And all thy nooks where blushing wild-flowers grow;
Thy glaring crocus-beds I well could find,
And where the violets scent the western wind;
Each dell I know where the pale primrose blooms,
And every bank the cowslip's breath perfumes,
And every hedge-row elm, and every grove,
Haunts full of bliss to solitude and love!

" Thou prospect ever cheering to my soul!
Where the gay stripling roams without control,
Where free-born pleasure wings his way,
And various sports beguile the tedious day,
Still may thy charms, through each revolving year,
Inspire thy votaries with sensations dear,
And bind their wishes to these scenes alone,
For Oh! no other scenes excel thy own!" P. 92.

We shall now close our notice of this little volume; the principles and feelings which are contained in it, are all of them such as ought to be praised, and no doubt the author of it must be a very intelligent man. We have not the heart to predict that his hopes will be disappointed, but we certainly should be better pleased to hear that he had been rewarded with some comfortable situation, for the honesty, sobriety, and general goodness of his conduct, in the regiment to which he belongs, than for the merit of his poetical exertions.

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